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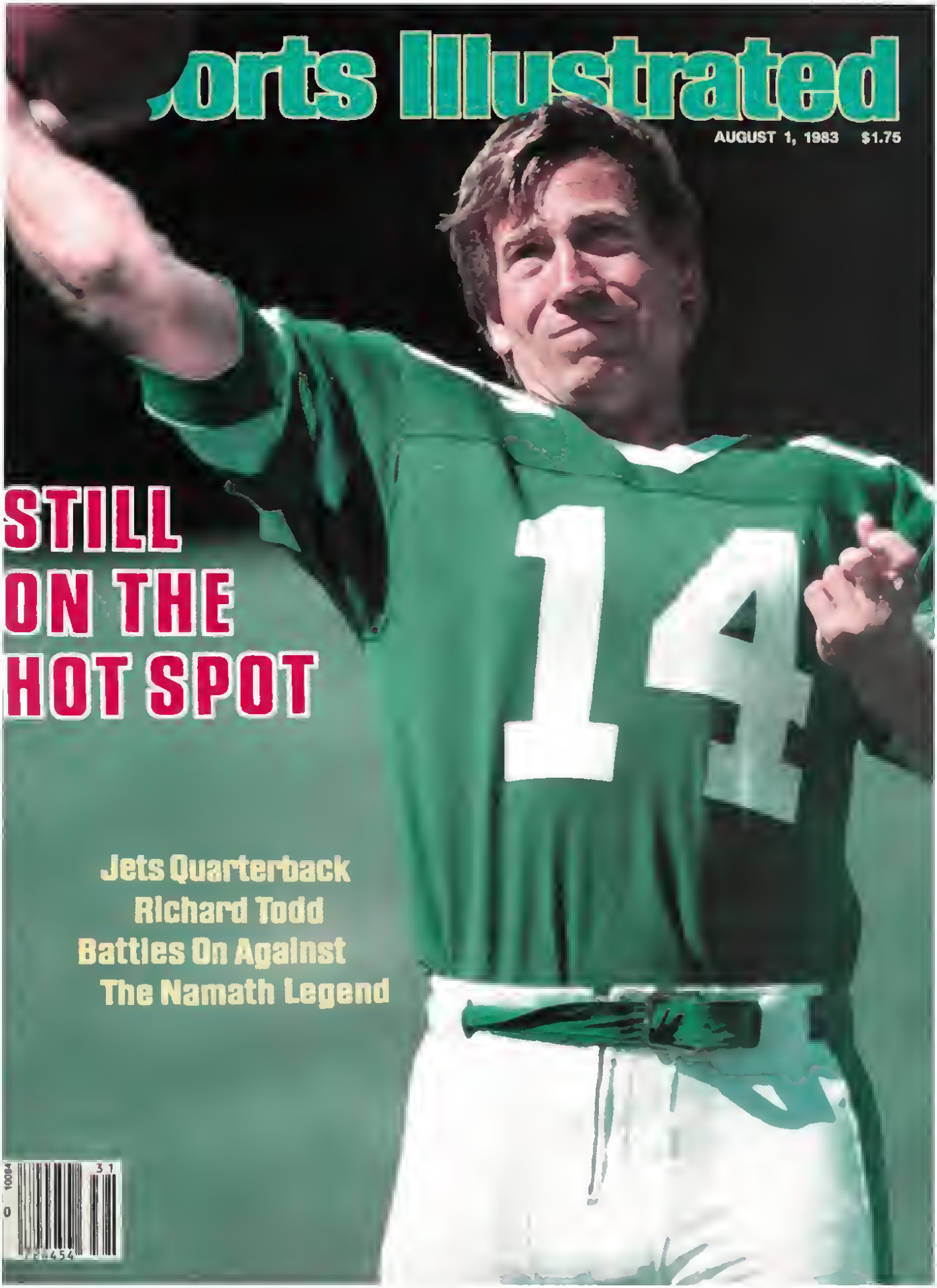

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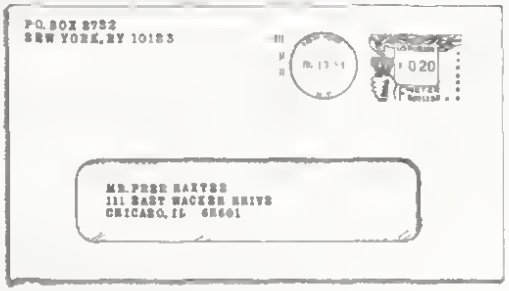

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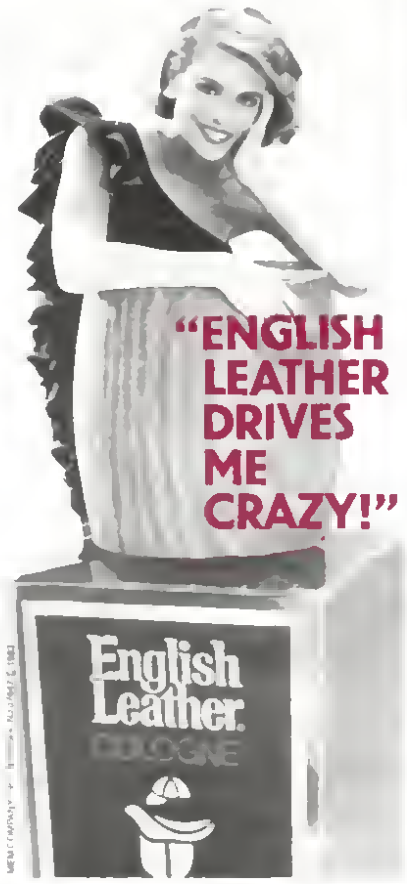

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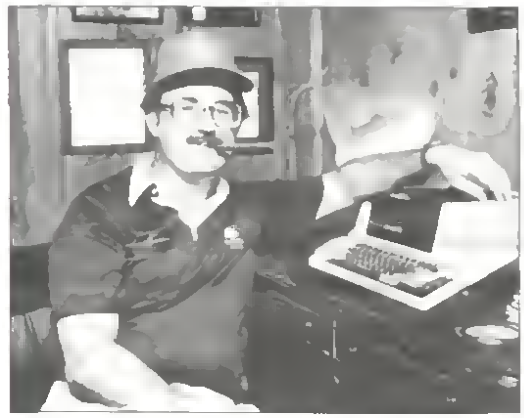
LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There are those who need no introduction, and then there are those who need two. Take the author of this week's story on the yearling sold for $10.2 million at the Keeneland, Ky., sales. To us he's William F. Reed, a former SI staff writer and for the past 11 years our special correspondent in Louisville. But to those in the Bluegrass State, he's better known as Billy Reed, the award-winning columnist for *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville. "It's a point of continuing debate down here," says Reed. "Who am I?"


MR. REED, BY ANY OTHER NAME, WOULD WRITE AS SWEETLY

It was Billy who left *The Courier-Journal* in 1968 for a job with SI in New York, where he adopted the more dignified "William F." byline. He spent four years on our staff, writing, among other things, a story on Olympic hero Mark Spitz's relationship with his father, an introduction to a UCLA sophomore named Bill Walton and an account of the 1972 basketball brawl between Minnesota and Ohio State.

It was the Billy in Reed who in 1972 decided to go back to the blue, blue grass of home. So he returned to *The Courier-Journal* as an investigative reporter and promptly won a Sigma Delta Chi award for a series he co-authored with Jim Bolus on corruption in thoroughbred racing in Kentucky. Reed spent three years as a general-interest columnist for *The Courier-Journal* before becoming sports editor in 1977.

In the years since he left New York, Reed—William F., that is—has not only performed the arduous duties of an SI special correspondent—suggesting stories, answering queries and conducting interviews—but he also has somehow found the time to write at least one byline story for us every year. Living within driving distance of Indiana University and the universities of Kentucky and Louisville—"the Bermuda Triangle of college basketball," Reed calls it—William F. has often covered NCAA tournaments for us, as well as doing articles on Pittsburgh Pirate owner John Galbreath and Kentucky linebacker-medical student Jim Kovach.

"Billy knows what we like and what we need," says Senior Editor Larry Keith. "And he can write for his newspaper audience, then change gears [and names] and write for a national magazine audience. He can do this because he's a good journalist."

Good, indeed. In 1979 Reed—Billy, that is—won the Eclipse Award for outstanding newspaper writing about thoroughbreds, and in 1982 the National Headliners Club Award for consistently outstanding sports columns.

Reed, either Billy or William F., has a source of pride in his cellar in addition to his awards—a collection of about 200 rock 'n' roll records that dates from 1956, when Reed, 13, purchased the 45-rpm disc of *Hound Dog* and *Don't Be Cruel*, despite an eloquent sermon from his mother on the relative merits, personal and musical, of Pat Boone over you know who.

Reed's story on hip No. 308 begins on page 26, and despite what the byline reads, you can just call him Billy.

Robert L. Miller

S76■

COMING SOON...

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As for the colleges, you'll get SI's Top Twenty picks with reasons for those choices. Read about the favorites for the Heisman Trophy. Penn State and Nebraska will premiere the season in the first Kickoff Classic. What will Coach Ray Perkins mean to Alabama now that the Bear is gone? Can Notre Dame rebound? You'll get in-depth coverage of the Big 10, the SEC, the PAC 10, the ACC, the SWC, the Big Eight and all the rest—including reports on the top contenders among Divisions IA, II and III.

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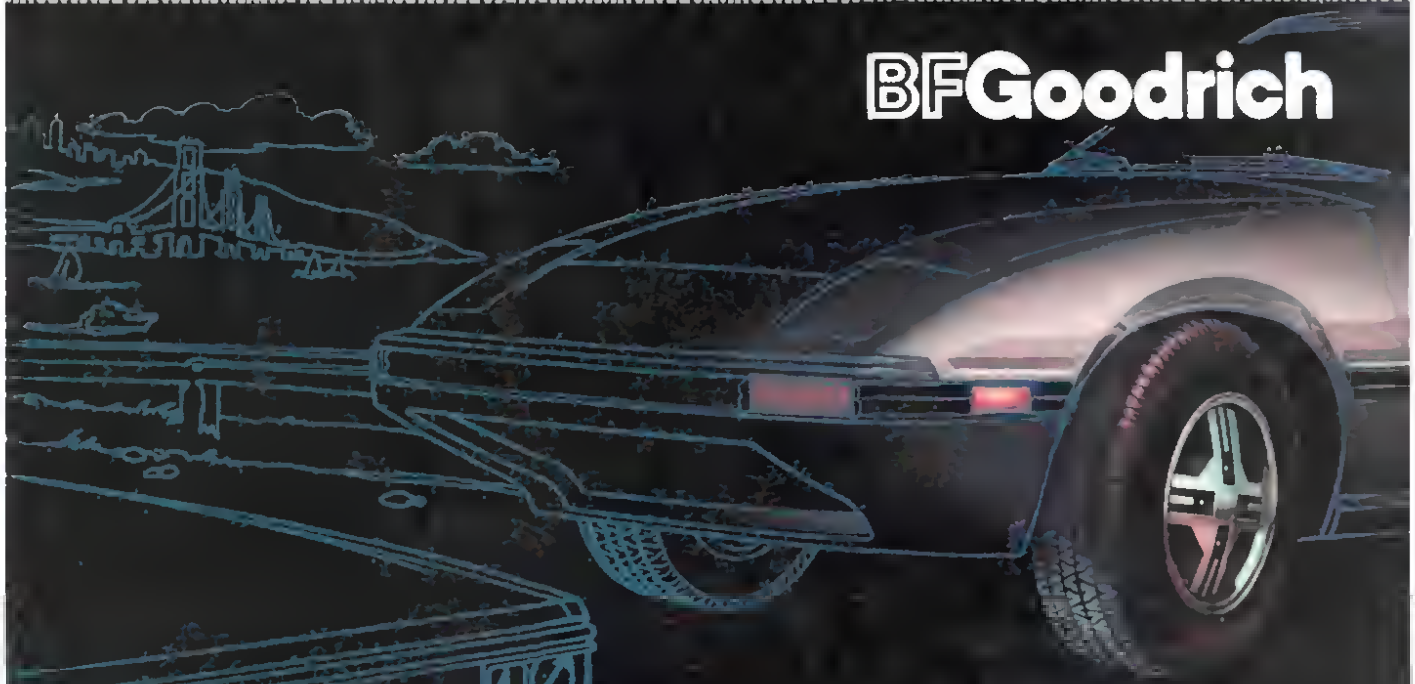

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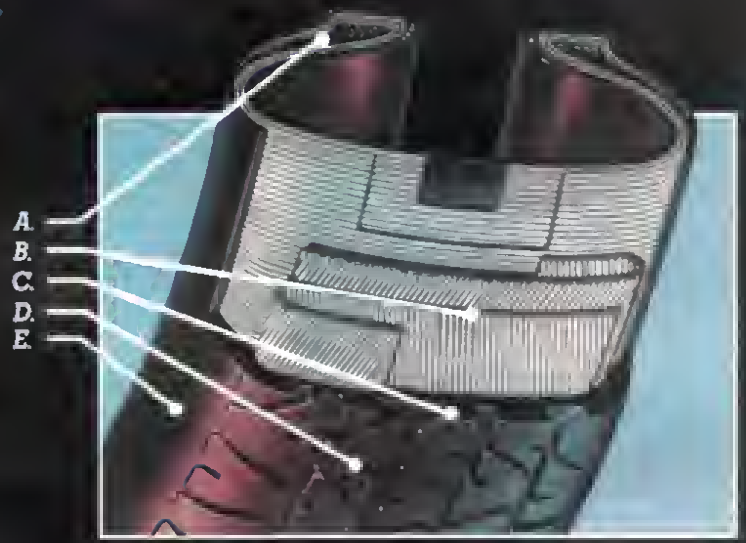

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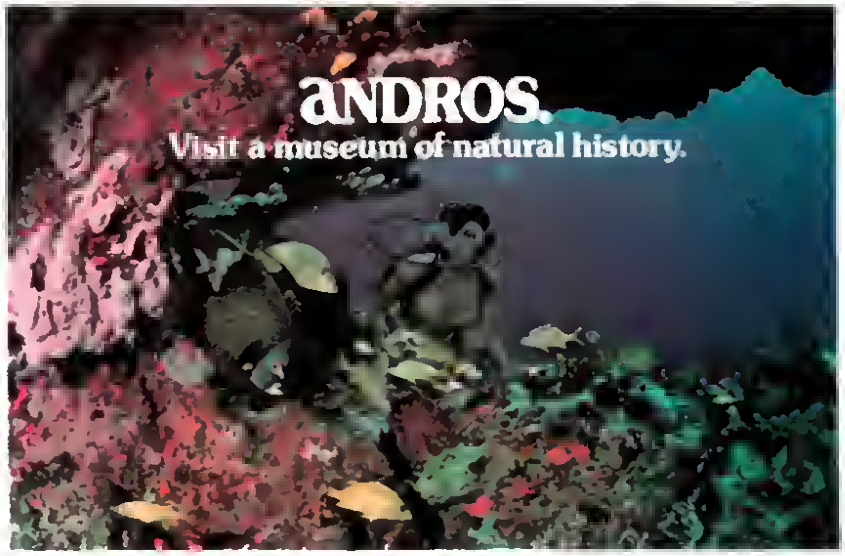

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Sideline

by HERM WEISKOPF

THESE BIG LEAGUE TRYOUTS ARE FOR ROOKIES INTERESTED IN BIG BUSINESS

"The letters almost always say, 'I've always loved baseball and would like a job in the game,'" says Bill Giles, president of the Phillies. "I get 500 letters like that every year, most from highly qualified people." So do Frank Cashen, executive vice-president and general manager of the Mets, and many other baseball executives. "In 1979, Lee MacPhail [president of the American League] got the commissioner's office to start a program to help bring some of the best of these people into the game," Cashen says.

Thus began the Executive Training Program. From an estimated 10,000 applications sent to team and league offices and the commissioner annually, the most promising prospects are picked to be interviewed by baseball officials across the country. After that, the six to eight top candidates are given one-hour interviews at the commissioner's office, and as many as three are hired for a year. Trainees usually work in the offices of both leagues and the commissioner, with the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, which oversees the minor leagues, and with a club that needs extra personnel. This year's finalists, chosen in early July, are Martin Conway of Warners, N.Y., John Cordova of Albuquerque and Wendy Selig, daughter of Milwaukee Brewer President Bud Selig. If the pattern holds, they all will eventually get full-time jobs in baseball. Here's a rundown on the past winners and where they're working:

Class of 1979: Stephanie Vardavas is manager of waivers and player records in the American League office; Drew Sheiman is the Orioles' promotion director.

Class of 1980. The White Sox hired both Ken Valdiserri, who's their assistant public relations director, and William Smith, who is the general manager at the Sox' farm team in Appleton, Wis.

Class of 1981: M. Scott Smith is an executive assistant with the White Sox, and Margaret Thomas free-lances for the Yankees' magazine.

Class of 1982: Dan O'Dowd, the lone winner, became a sales and marketing coordinator for the Orioles. **END**

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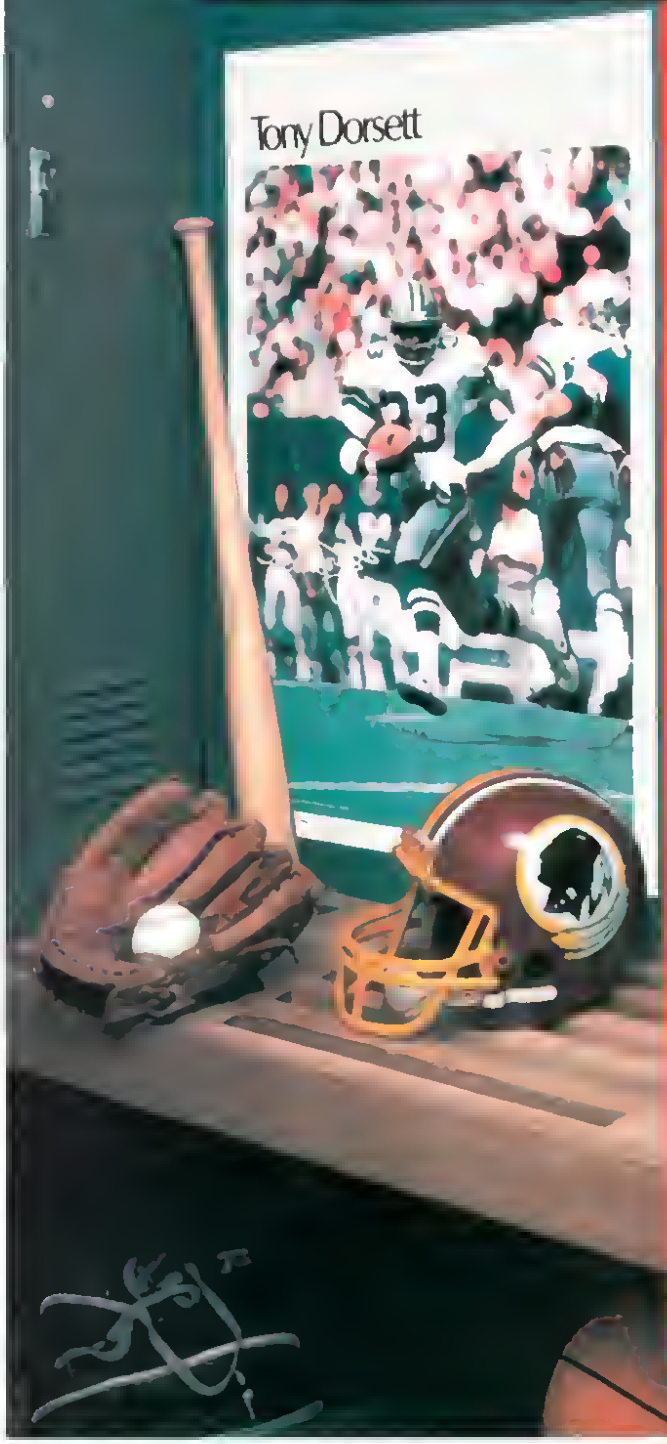

FOOTBALL
- 4202 NFL Superstars
- 4252 Roland Harper
- 4285 Walter Payton
- 4291 Ken Anderson
- 4235 Cris Collinsworth
- 4237 Joe Ferguson
- 4266 Reggie McKenzie
- 4246 Randy Gradishar
- 4273 Craig Morton
- 4236 Mike Pruitt
- 4241 Brian Sipe
- 4265 Lee Roy Selmon
- 4245 O J Anderson
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- 4276 Jim Hart
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- 4401 Julius Erving
- 4409 Moses Malone
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THE FAULT OF THE PROCESS

Barring a shift of votes and circumstances, the last fortnight of Bowie Kuhn's 14-year reign as baseball commissioner is about to begin. Kuhn, you will recall, was voted out of office last November even though he won 70% of the club owners' votes. The way it works in baseball, the election of a commissioner requires a 75% majority in each league, and Kuhn carried the National 7–5, "only" a 58% majority (the vote in the American League was 11–3, or 79%). Unless Kuhn can swing at least two more National League votes to his side by Aug. 12, he'll be out of work. A meeting of club owners in Boston next week may be his last chance to save his job.

Ironically, Kuhn's stature has never been higher than upon his leaving. The wounds and defeats endured lately by his NFL counterpart, Pete Rozelle, have put Kuhn in a better light. Kuhn, who often comes across in public as being stuffy—and as a man who doesn't know how to dress properly on chilly autumn nights—has long suffered by comparison with the slick Rozelle. But the sports world's epidemic of drug cases, Rozelle's embarrassments at the hands of Al Davis and strikes in both baseball and the NFL have forced even the wistful regulars in the Bring Back Judge Landis Club to realize how complicated and sensitive it is to be a commissioner today.

The book on Kuhn has been muddled all along. He's generally given high marks for his vaunted defenses of the game's "integrity" and lower grades for his business acumen. In fact, most of Kuhn's defenses of integrity have been grandstand plays fraught with inconsistencies and pieties that reflected greater concern with p.r. than with principle or reality. A recent example was Kuhn's largely symbolic decision to ban casino advertising from programs and outfield fences at games of the minor league Las Vegas Stars and Reno Padres; at the same time he did nothing about the fact that visiting teams in Las Vegas stay at hotels with casinos, where players have flesh-and-blood contact with high rollers. On the other hand, baseball as a commercial enterprise has been thriving under Kuhn. Milwaukee Brewers owner Bud Selig, the chairman of the committee searching for a new commissioner, notes that the game "has never been more popular." Reflecting that popularity is the $1.2 billion TV contract that baseball recently wrapped up under Kuhn's aegis.

It may be no coincidence that most of the votes against Kuhn came from losing or unstable organizations that have been looking for scapegoats. Five of the eight teams that voted to bounce Kuhn also have fired their managers since the middle of last season: the Astros, Rangers, Mariners, Yankees and Reds. A sixth team, the Mets, the biggest losers in baseball, had their manager quit on them before they could fire him. The other two anti-Kuhn votes came from Ted Turner of the Braves, who, with his SuperStation, has a television interest that could have influenced his vote more than baseball considerations did, and the Cardinals, whose owner, Gussie Busch, is 84 and still crotchety about the way the strike-marred '81 season was handled.

Speculation as to the identity of Kuhn's likely successor has included all sorts of marquee names. The search committee's task isn't an easy one. Even under the best of circumstances it has proved difficult for pro sports to lure successful outsiders into leadership roles. Kuhn and Rozelle were both desperate internal compromise choices, turned to, as Selig delicately puts it, because of "the fault of the process." What prudent person of any stature today would leave the real world to accept a difficult job from which one can be fired for irritating four inflated egos out of 26? Which raises the more perplexing question of why a search is even being conducted. After all, it doesn't seem proper to bounce Kuhn when a great majority of his employers are, rightly or wrongly, perfectly happy with the job he's doing.

ACTION AT LAST

Having finally acknowledged that acid rain is a man-made phenomenon that damages the environment, the Reagan Administration is still taking its time trying to figure out what to do about the situation. But one part of the federal government is contemplating immediate action. Officials of the U.S. Air Force Museum in Dayton, complaining that some of their valuable vintage aircraft have been badly corroded by acid rain, have requested $5.4 million from Washington to help finance construction of a hangar that would allow them to move the damaged planes indoors.

PARTY TIME IN THE NHL

The NHL insists that its lenient policy toward fighting has nothing to do with selling tickets. The league says it condones fisticuffs only in the interest of releasing frustrations that arise during games. But

20-year-old Andy Boemer of St. Paul thinks that hockey fights *do* have commercial value. Boemer, a sophomore at the College of St. Thomas, has been videotaping fights occurring during televised NHL games for the past four years and has put together the best of them on a tape that he has advertised for sale in *Sports Collectors Digest*. The four-hour tape sells for $40 and, says Boemer, is "great for parties."

Seems to us that Boemer has thrown down his gloves and challenged the NHL to a good one. He admits he didn't bother to get authorization to tape for sale all that hockey-style boxin' and rasslin', and one would expect the NHL to make noises about copyright infringement or something of the kind. On the other hand, how can the league claim Boemer has pirated something of commercial importance when it has been assuring ev-

continued

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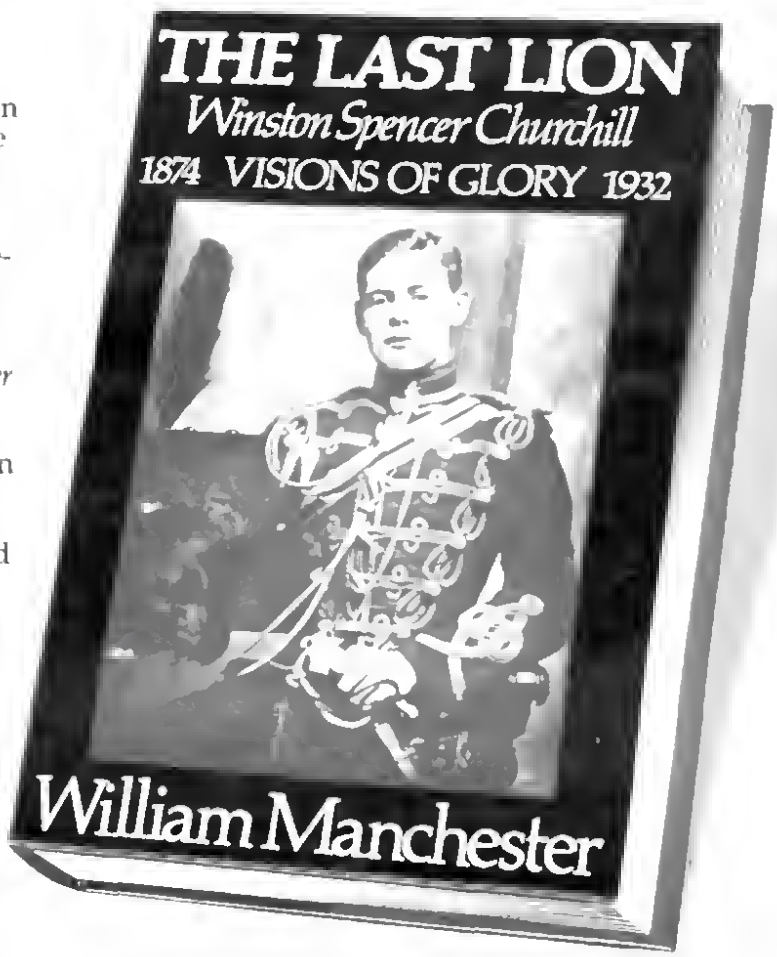

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erybody for years that fighting has no such importance?

At any rate, Boemer allows that the most action-packed fight on his tape is one in 1979 between Bob Nystrom of the Islanders and Dave Hoyda of the Flyers. "They just dropped their gloves and whaled away at each other for about a minute—straight rights and stuff," he says admiringly. Please understand that Boemer is merely calling this the best fight. Whether it follows that Nystrom and Hoyda therefore also had the most frustrations to release is a question we'll leave for the NHL to answer.

HOT INFO

The Phoenix team in the Major Indoor Soccer League announced on July 14 that it was changing its name from the Inferno to the Pride. Though club officials no doubt had persuasive reasons for making the change, it wasn't quite clear why they chose to break the news about dropping the name Inferno on a day that the temperature in Phoenix hit 111°.

BEYOND A SHRINE'S PURVIEW

The National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame last week canceled its scheduled induction in December of former LSU star Billy Cannon because of his guilty plea in a counterfeiting scheme (SI, July 25). The decision to bar Cannon was in keeping with the foundation's practice of going beyond football credentials in considering candidates for induction. Vincent Draddy, the foundation's chairman, said that inductees must be "great football players, but also good citizens, and must have succeeded in the world after football, in business or law or medicine or the military or something."

Though being in favor of good citizenship is a commendable thing, it's by no means certain that a football shrine ought to be concerning itself with such matters. The foundation, whose leaders have spent as much time over the years delivering paeans to "the American way of life" as to outstanding football exploits, has inducted some players whose main achievement was that they later enriched themselves in their business dealings. At the same time, it has failed to induct, besides Cannon, such outstanding players as Paul Robeson, Joe Namath, Paul Hornung and Jim Brown.

Robeson, a two-time All-America at Rutgers and the most celebrated end of the World War I era, was rejected, says Draddy, "because he was a Communist, and the Hall of Fame doesn't take Communists." That explanation implies that the hall routinely screens the political persuasions of candidates and has approved the beliefs of those who have been inducted, a wholly repugnant thought. Although Draddy attributes Namath's exclusion to the fact that he wasn't a first-team All-America, there are, in fact, quite a few inductees who didn't make All-America. The late Chester LaRoche, for many years the foundation's prime mover, was on record as calling Namath unacceptable because "he hangs around saloons." The likeliest explanation for Hornung's and Brown's continued exclusion is that their post-college activities—a one-year suspension by the NFL for gambling in Hornung's case, a show-biz career and a couple of brushes with the law in Brown's—are being held against them.

It's odd that the foundation gives so much weight to away-from-the-game activities while apparently overlooking the on-field misconduct of the sort committed by Woody Hayes, who ended his coaching career in disgrace after punching an opposing team's player. Hayes will be inducted into the hall at the dinner in New York at which Cannon was supposed to have been honored.

The hall has also found it convenient, on occasion, to forget about the very post-football considerations it professes to take into account. Draddy's claim that success after football is a prerequisite to induction is belied by inclusion in the shrine of Jim Thorpe, who had severe drinking and financial problems in his later years. And some inductees, including George Gipp of Notre Dame, Nile Kinnick and Calvin Jones of Iowa and Ernie Davis of Syracuse, didn't live long enough—all died in their 20s—to succeed in business.

The Hall of Fame was understandably embarrassed by the Cannon case. However, it might have been better able to handle this embarrassment if it had steered clear of citizenship questions with which it's clearly not competent to deal. It could then have, without fanfare, entered Cannon's name on its rolls in recognition of his football deeds while leaving it to the courts to dispense punishment for what happened later.

NO PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENT

In a letter to *The New York Times* on July 12, Edward Pessen, a professor of history at Baruch College, and Edward Margolies, a professor of English and American Studies at the College of Staten Island of The City University of New York, suggested that history may have repeated itself when position papers from Jimmy Carter's White House were used to prepare Ronald Reagan for his 1980 TV debate against Carter. Pessen and Margolies were referring to an anecdote in Reagan's 1965 autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, about how he'd improved his stock as a reserve defensive lineman on the Eureka (Ill.) College football team. During a scrimmage against the first stringers, the letter said, "Reagan was tipped off by a friend in advance of each play called by the offensive team, thus enabling the future President to look like a better player than he really was."

In point of fact, what Reagan said in his book was merely that he'd received a bit of informal coaching before several plays from a more experienced teammate who was adept at sniffing out opponents' strategy. Reagan wrote: "Watching the signal caller and the still rusty backs on the varsity, he would whisper, 'Knife in—they are going the other way.' Doing as he ordered, I was in on the ball carrier three plays in a row. 'Now,' he hissed, 'go straight across—they'll try a reverse to suck you in.' Of course, he was right, and by following his orders I was as effective as a traffic light in halting all movement around end."

The clear sense of the passage was not that Reagan had been "tipped," at least not in the sense that any skulduggery was involved, but had merely benefited from a teammate's ability to "read" the offense. Give Pessen and Margolies 15 yards for roughing the President.

THEY SAID IT

• Rick Monday, Dodger outfielder, on Braves Pitcher Phil Niekro's baffling knuckleball: "It actually giggles at you as it goes by."

• Mark Cooper, Denver Bronco rookie tackle, commenting on the hate mail that teammate John Elway has received from residents of Baltimore unhappy over his spurning of the Colts: "You wouldn't think people would have much time for that. I don't even have time to write people I like." **END**

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Something Big Is Brewing

Defending champ Milwaukee has streaked from last to within sight of the American League East lead

by RON FIMRITE

The scene last Saturday night was hauntingly reminiscent of the World Series the Brewers played in not so very long ago. There was a huge chanting and screaming crowd of 52,795 in Milwaukee County Stadium, and the home nine had its back to the wall again. The Brewers were leading the White Sox 8–7 with two out in the ninth inning of the third game of a taut four-game series between the lakeshore rivals, but the Sox had the tying run on second and the potential winning run on first with Tom Pagnozzi, who had earlier tripled in a run, at bat. Chicago's Carlton Fisk had just hit a run-scoring single off Tom Tellmann that had propelled Milwaukee Manager Harvey Kuenn into action.

Tellmann had enjoyed a glorious eighth inning, having struck out sluggers Greg Luzinski and Ron Kittle in succession with tantalizing breaking pitches, and Charlie Moore had provided him with an insurance run with a leadoff homer in the bottom of the eighth. Now, after two hits and a

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Cooper has been the Brewers' hottest hitter, with 21 RBIs and a .400 average in the last 14 games.

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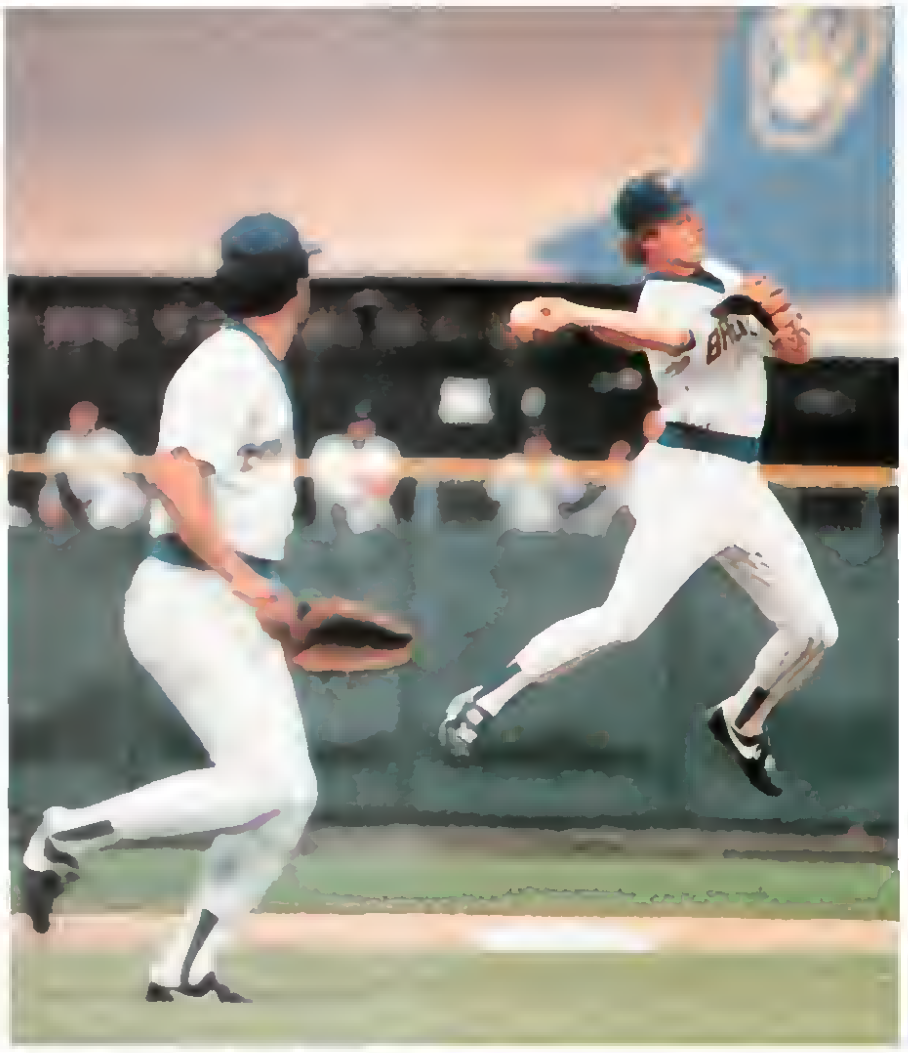


Gantner has been playing a pivotal role in the Brewers' success, with both his glove and bat

walk. Tellmann had come a cropper in the ninth, and Kuenn wanted the mammoth Peter (Big Foot) Ladd to face Paciorek. A few months ago, bringing in Ladd to face anyone more threatening than Richard Simmons would have been tantamount to dousing a forest fire with gasoline, but Kuenn now had cause to believe that this was the stout Ladd of a season ago.

Ladd, all 6' 3", 240 pounds of him, completed his warmup tosses and then looked to rookie Catcher Bill Schroeder for the sign. Ladd fired a fastball, and Paciorek got not quite all of it, backing Leftfielder Ben Oglivie to the warning track, but no further. Game over.

On Sunday the Brewers continued their resolute march from near oblivion and shame to what they are convinced will be another American League pennant and, this time, a World Series triumph. In another improbable one-run seat-grabber, Milwaukee came from five runs behind to score seven times in the fifth, only to have the White Sox tie it up with two runs in the eighth. Then, in their half of the eighth, the Brewers, renowned for their power, scored the winning run when Jim Gantner squeezed Oglivie home from third. Oglivie had gotten that far after walking and advancing on Rick Manning's soft ground single to right.

The Brewers finished the weekend in fifth place in the American League East, but they were only two games out of first and 11 games over .500, with 12 wins in their last 14 games and 14 in their last 18. Since June 22, when their dismal early play had dropped them into last place, they had won 22 of 28. They had also won 15 of their last 21 one-run games.

Milwaukee's weekend opponents, the Chisox, have been only slightly less resurgent. Since May 26, they had won 32 of 54 games, the best record for the last two months in the American League West and one good enough to make them first in an airtight division race.

Hardhearted observers might withhold sympathy from a Milwaukee team that won 95 games and a pennant in 1982, but to do so would ignore the devastation inflicted on a pitching staff that even at full strength was considered a weak link. The Brewers began the season missing not one but two righthanded Cy Young Award winners, Rollie Fingers, the class of '81, and Pete Vuckovich, '82 Fingers, who has 301 career saves, was first stricken last September with a torn muscle in his pitching forearm that kept him out of the playoffs and the World Series. The Brewers hoped he'd be their saving grace this year, but he developed elbow problems in the spring and had to have bone chips surgically removed on June 10. He hasn't thrown a ball in competition all year. Neither has Vuckovich, victim in spring training of the dread rotator-cuff muscle tear that generally does not merely interrupt a career but ends it. Take away Vuckovich's 18 wins and Fingers' 29 saves in 1982, and what's left of a careworn and undermanned pitching staff? Not much, said most experts.

The Brewers never agreed. To replace Fingers they had Ladd, who, with two saves against the Angels in the playoffs, had given notice that he could handle pressure, despite his subsequent failure in the World Series. To replace Vuckovich, they were counting on 38-year-old Don Sutton, winner of 265 major league games, whom they'd acquired from Houston during last year's pennant-stretch run. Sutton had pitched in only seven games for Milwaukee in '82, but his 4–1 performance had helped put the Brewers over the top. He and they felt that in a full season he could win close to Vuckovich's 18 big ones.

Ah, the best laid plans. . . . Poor Ladd couldn't get anyone out at the start of this season. "My pitching mechanics were wacky," he acknowledges. "My fastball wasn't like it had been the previous year. I was doing everything wrong a pitcher could." On May 20, he was sent to the Brewers' Class AAA farm team in Van-

through May 1. But he didn't win again from then until June 24, starting eight times and losing three games.

As if this weren't enough, the Brewers weren't even Harvey's Wallbangers anymore. Cecil Cooper started slowly. Paul Molitor, playing with a sore wrist, was hitting 35 percentage points below his .297 career average at the All-Star break. Oglivie, plagued with heel and shoulder aches, wasn't hitting homers. And then, on June 6, Milwaukee traded slugger Gorman Thomas, its most popular player, to Cleveland for the light-hitting Manning, who, entering 1983, hadn't had as many homers in his eight-year career (35) as Thomas had last season (39).

The turning point, Brewer-watchers agree, came on the night of June 21, when Milwaukee, then in sixth place, beat Detroit 10–3 behind the pitching of Moose Haas. Ladd also returned from Vancouver on that fateful date, confident that he had rekindled his lost smoke. "I got better with each game in Vancouver," he says. "I had to go there and get taught how to pitch again"—principally by Vancouver Pitching Coach Eli Grba. Ladd certainly learned his lessons well, because since his return he had saved seven games, including last Saturday's, and won three, including Sunday's thriller, which he entered in the eighth inning in place of Middle Reliever Jim Slaton.

Ladd got the third out himself in the Chisox' eighth by retiring Greg Walker at first on Gantner's brilliant catch and throw of a hard shot to the right side. Ladd reached the bag ahead of the runner and held onto Gantner's throw after Walker crashed into him and sent him sprawling. In the ninth Ladd set the Sox down in order, sending the fans home happy for the second game in a row. Ladd's return effectively put the bullpen back in order, defining the roles of Tellmann (long man), Slaton (long man), Jerry Augustine (swingman) and Bob Gibson (swingman). And there's no shame in long relief on the Brewers. Slaton leads the staff with eight wins.

Tellmann is happy to be playing as any kind of man. He spent seven years in the San Diego minor league system and, facing his 29th birthday, decided last fall to accept a non-baseball job as a products distributor in Guam. Despite the urgings

continued

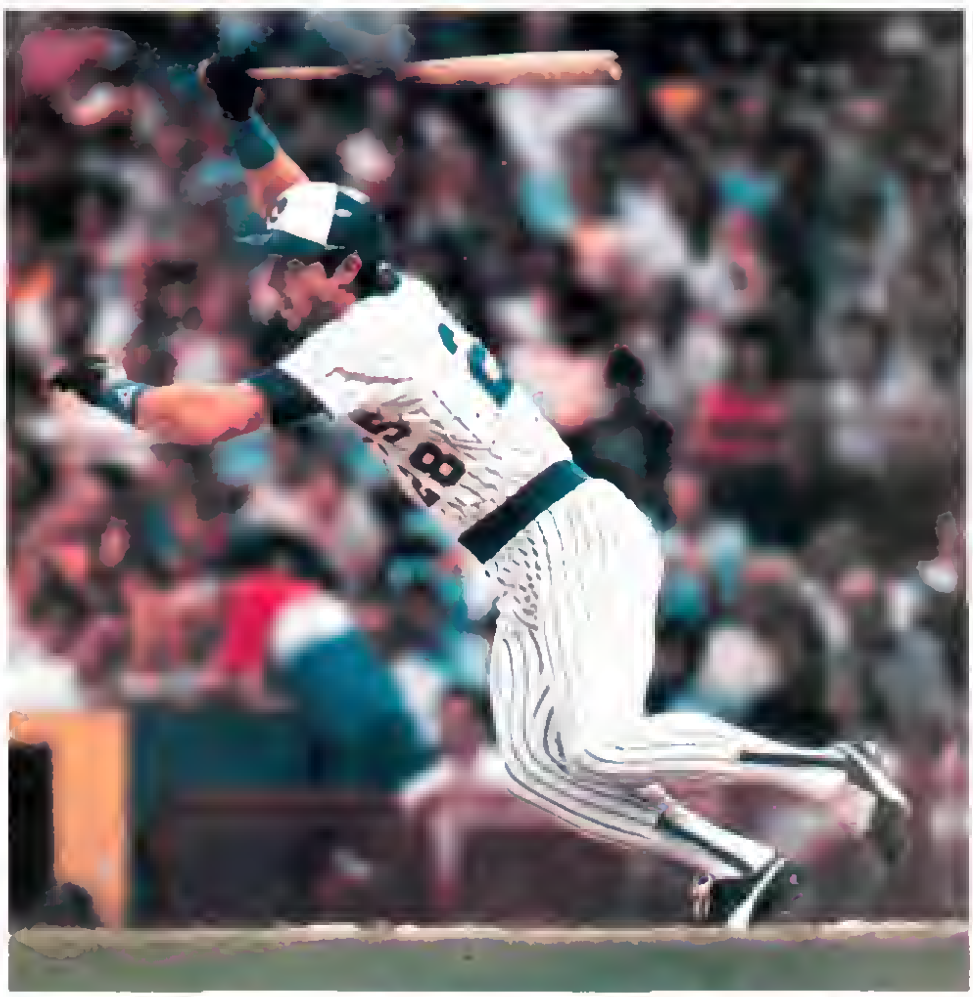
couver to work out whatever it was that was making him such a pitiful giant. The demotion, said Ladd most appropriately, "was a relief." His departure left Milwaukee without a tested late-inning fireman, and as Brewer front office executive Sal Bando says, "You can't win in the big leagues without a guy who can finish a game for you." Bando should know. He played with Fingers on the superb Oakland teams of the early '70s. The Brewers tried all their other relievers in the late spot, and while some did well enough, none was consistent. They even gave the once mighty Mike Marshall, attempting a comeback at age 40, a tryout, but found him wanting, too.

For his part, Sutton started the season as if to make Vuckovich look like just another craggy face. Sutton won four of his first five starts and had a 1.85 ERA

Moore went low to score a crucial run on Thursday, when Fisk went high for a throw.

of his 1982 manager in Hawaii, Doug Rader, who's now the Texas Rangers' skipper. Tellmann was convinced he was finished. "Doug kept me motivated. He told me not to let my dauber get down," says Tellmann, "but I was so frustrated when no one wanted me after last season that I didn't even want to see a baseball again." Then Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton traded two minor league pitchers to the Padres for him and told him he'd have a shot at a spot in the ravaged Milwaukee bullpen. Tellmann made it there, and big. By week's end, he had seven victories and six saves in 27 appearances.

Then Sutton started to win again. After his no-decision on Sunday, he was 7–6 for the year with a 3.58 ERA. Sutton was convinced that he and the other Brewer starters—Haas, Bob McClure, Chuck Porter, who had 11 strikeouts Friday in a 2–1 loss to Chicago, and Mike Caldwell—were all cruelly underrated, because they had been 7–3 with four complete games since the All-Star break, while the bullpen had been 7–1 with nine saves. "There are no movie stars or nuclear scientists on our staff," said the imaginative Sutton. "We are just a collection of mechanics. But good ones. I see my role as getting the defense off the field so we can play offense."



Fans who at first decried the Thomas trade have now welcomed Manning to the club.

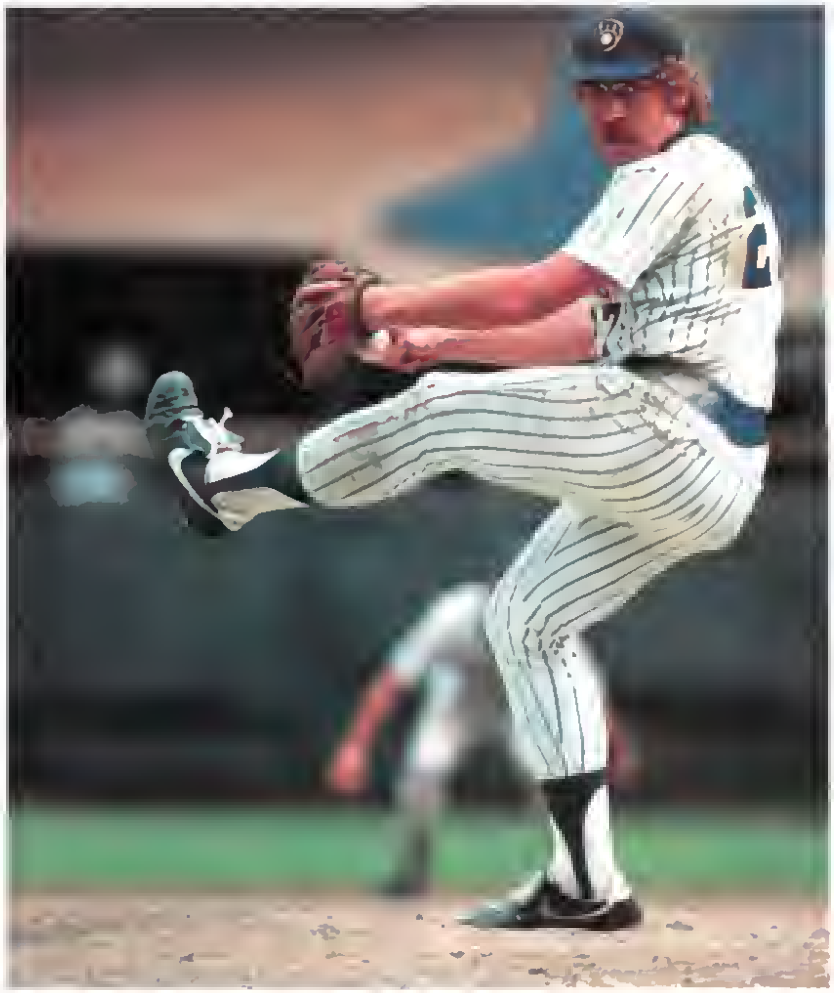
The Brewers may play offense and defense better than anyone. Slow starter Cooper has been on a tear that raised his average to .296, his homers to 21 and his RBIs to a league-leading 77 through last Sunday. He had hit .400 for his last 14 games. Shortstop Robin Yount, last year's Most Valuable Player—"Em-vee-pee!" the fans still chant at the sight of him—was, of course, among the leaders in most offensive and defensive departments, and Second Baseman Gantner had hit an astonishing nine homers and driven in an even more astonishing 53 runs. "Every time I hit a homer I surprise myself," Gantner says.

Molitor had his average up to .285 and, settled finally at third base, he had cut back his throwing errors and was fielding brilliantly. "You could fire a rifle through our infield," says Sutton, "and somebody would get a glove on the bullet." Not the least of these stanch defenders is Utilityman Ed Romero, who filled in at shortstop last week when Yount was forced into pinch- and designated-hitting duty because of a sore back. Romero singled in the final run in that busy fifth inning on Sunday and did well on defense. So far this season he'd played left- and rightfield and every infield position except first base, and at week's end he was hitting a lusty .340 in 53 at bats.

With Manning in center, flanked by Oglivie and Moore, the Brewers are equally adept in the outfield. Manning had hit only .235 through Sunday since becoming a Brewer, but he had stolen eight bases in eight attempts in those 43 games. And he robbed the Orioles' John Shelby of a home run on the very first ball hit to him in a Milwaukee uniform, on June 7 in Baltimore. Says Manning, "Well, they brought me up for defense and they got it. They tested me right away."

Manning, a handsome and even-tempered man, was nervously aware that he was replacing a folk hero in the Milwaukee outfield, and he simply started out trying too hard to make good at the plate. "What it boils down to is that I was trying to make people forget Gorman," he says. "Harvey finally just told me to go out and play defense and steal some bases. I felt a lot better after that. You can't make fans forget one player or accept another in a few weeks. That takes years." Maybe, but Manning has been playing some of the best centerfield in baseball, and at week's end he was hitting a cumulative (Indians and Brewers) .258 to Thomas' .197.

It was Manning's one-out homer on Sunday that ignited the furious fifth-

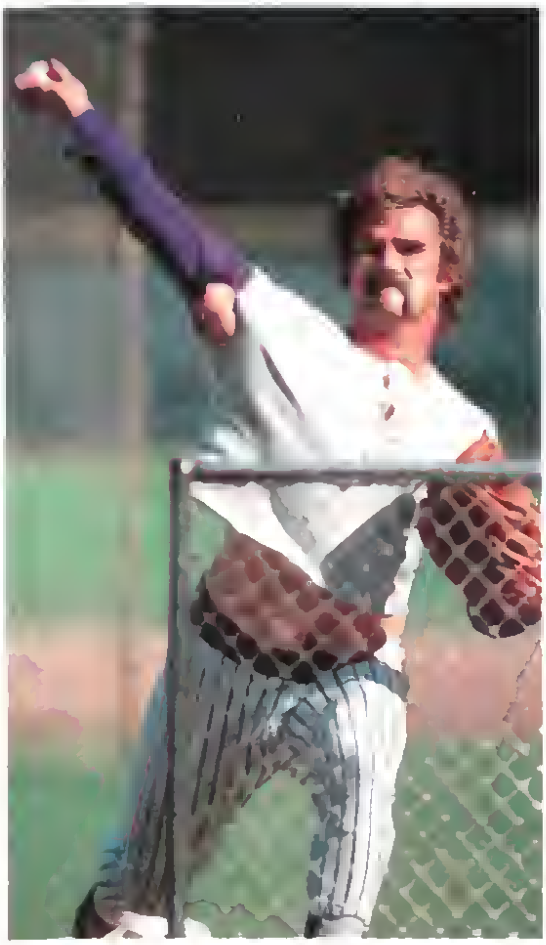


Big Foot has stomped on opponents since he returned from the minors on June 21.

One thing the Brewers don't do well is throw out stealing base runners. Through Sunday's game, Milwaukee catchers had cut down only 22 of 118 would-be thieves, a woeful 18.6%. In compensation, No. 1 Catcher Ted Simmons is having his finest American League season at bat. In 1981, his first after 11 seasons as a career .298 hitter with the National League Cardinals, Simmons hit an embarrassing .216 in the abbreviated season. He ran that up to .269 last year with 97 runs batted in. He has been sizzling this year, hitting .305 at week's end with 58 RBIs. "They tell you when you change leagues you'll have trouble, but when you've been successful, you say you won't have difficulty," explains Simmons. "Those who say you will are right." Playing as a DH, as he is increasingly required to do, is merely "a paid vacation. As a catcher I have no trouble staying with the game. I'm sitting there calling all the pitches with whoever is catching, so I'm always involved. Other DHs don't visualize a game the way catchers do. The only thing I'm missing is the physical part of catching. It's like a vacation." As a DH, Simmons was .333 (51 for 153) through Sunday.

The old blue Brew Crew may indeed be back. And the future is looking up, too. Hours before the Saturday win over the White Sox a large, hairy and disheveled-looking player, his belly peeking from beneath his sweat shirt, sweltered in the summer heat throwing to a batting-practice catcher under the watchful gaze of Kuenn and Pitching Coach Pat Dobson. The pitches were coming harder and harder, when, surprisingly, a fluttering knuckleball crossed the plate. The anxious crowd around the cage was impressed. "Nice going, Vuke," someone shouted. And when the pitcher walked off the mound Kuenn called after him, "Peter, that was very, very good." Indeed, who can tell what might happen in September? Or October? END

inning rally, and his single in the eighth that set up the game-winning squeeze. There even seems to be a revisionist view in Milwaukee of the once revered Thomas. In last Sunday's *Milwaukee Journal*, Sports Editor Jim Cohen quotes coaches and teammates alike as deploring Thomas' inattention to conditioning and his sulking. Dalton, as might be expected, expresses no regrets over what once was considered an infamous trade. "We have gained four years [Manning is 28 to Thomas' 32] in age and improved defense," he says. "Gorman gave us five exciting years, but the ultimate requirement is putting a balanced team on the field and winning ball games. Manning has played extremely well."



Vuckovich is warming up to the idea of a comeback this season

The Empire Strikes Out

A bad year for British track grew worse as Steve Scott beat Seb Coe in a test of the world's top milers

by CRAIG NEFF

With the gun, 13 milers rolled toward the curb like a cluster of marbles, working off and around each other, smacking elbow to elbow. "It seemed like an Olympic final," Steve Scott would say later, and last Saturday night's invitational mile in London was certainly of that quality. For the first time in nearly two years, world-record holder Sebastian Coe of Great Britain was putting himself on the line in an international mile race, with no fewer than five of his toughest rivals—U.S.-record holder Scott, Scott's countryman Tom Byers, Mike Boit of Kenya, world-indoor-record holder Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland and young Graham Williamson of Scotland—out for his scalp. Warned Scott, "This won't be like last time. This won't be a record run. This time we'll be racing."

"Last time" was Coe's last serious mile, his 3:47.33 world-record performance in Brussels in August of 1981. There, Byers had paced him through a swift 1,000 meters and Boit had driven him to the tape in relentless pursuit. Coe had beaten Boit by 15 yards, Scott by 35 and Coghlan by 50. The night had been warm, the stands packed with 45,000 frenzied fans. This time the scene was different. Only 7,500 people came out to Crystal Palace on the chilly evening to watch the first session of England's annual AAA Championships. That left 9,500 seats empty. It has been a dismal year for British track and field, a year of misfortune and feuding and failures, and the small, unenthusiastic crowd was evidence of the public's disenchantment. By the time Saturday's mile started—at 10:15 at night, to allow late afternoon live transmission to the U.S. by ABC television—the spectators had sat

Scott, who's a commuter to meets from family digs in Oslo, beat Coe by 12 yards

Coe is being eclipsed as the No. 1 miler.

through four hours of generally dull qualifying races. They weren't frenzied. They were cold.

Coming out of the early jostling, dual pacesetters Bob Benn of Great Britain and Craig Masback of the U.S. tried to at least heat up the mile. They sprinted down the backstretch furiously, hoping Coe, in third place, would follow. He didn't. No one did. Scott was near the back of the pack, ahead of Byers and Coghlan. It was too early for tactics.

But not for mishaps. At 350 meters, a sudden tangle of arms and legs sent Byers, Pat Scammell of Australia and Brian Theriot of the U.S. crashing onto the infield. "I was lucky," said Scott later. "I'd just moved away from them a few strides earlier." The race passed 400 meters in 56.85 seconds, well off Coe's 1981 record pace of 55.0, with Benn and Masback leading by 10 yards. At 600 meters their lead was 40 yards. "Don't let them get away from you," yelled former world-record holder John Walker of New Zealand, a spectator, as Scott ran past him on the backstretch.

At 27, Scott has become the world's strongest miler, able to handle any pace and to throw in surges whenever needed. Now he began to reel in Benn and Masback, reaching 800 meters in 1:57.08, just 10 yards behind them. The crowd was coming alive. When Benn pulled off the track a few yards later, Scott moved up alongside Masback, Coe, Williamson and Coghlan quickly followed. They moved through 1,000 meters in a pack. Soon the real racing would begin.

Scott had come to London as the clear favorite, having run the year's two fastest outdoor miles, 3:49.49 and 3:50.99, respectively, in Oslo and Cork, Ireland in recent weeks and having won at 1,500 meters at the TAC Championships in June. "I'm happy, I'm totally healthy, my training is going perfectly . . . I can't even think a bad thought," Scott said on Saturday. He, his wife, Kim, and their 2-year-old son, Corey, have settled into an Oslo hotel for the summer, an arrangement that has helped Scott both psychologically and physically. "It gives me the feeling of being at home, even though I'm in Europe," he says. "In the past my family has stayed back in Scottsdale [Ariz.] or we've hopped from one European city to the next, which is exhausting. I think this could help me win the World Championships next month in Helsinki and that's the only race that really matters."

Scott's main rivals at Helsinki will include Britain's Steve Ovett, the world-record holder for 1,500 meters at 3:31.36, and Steve Cram, who—in a questionable judgment—was ranked No. 1 in the world at the distance last year ahead of Scott. But one runner he won't have to worry about is Coe, who announced last week that he would run only the 800 meters at the World Championships. Coe angrily withdrew his name from consideration for one of Britain's three 1,500-meter berths, thus leaving the slots open for Ovett, Cram and Williamson. To understand his decision is to understand just how calamitous a year 1983 has been for British track and field. And that takes some explaining.

It all started with a streak of bad luck that hit six of Britain's top track stars. Coe, Ovett, Cram, middle-distance runner David Moorcroft, decathlete Daley Thompson and sprinter Allan Wells, a group responsible for 16 world records, four Olympic gold medals and 13 No. 1 world rankings since 1977. The first victim was Moorcroft, the world-record holder at 5,000 meters and the world's No. 1-ranked 5,000 runner last year. Moorcroft contracted hepatitis over the winter, and when he continued to train, his condition worsened. Because the illness weakened his bones, he developed stress fractures of both legs. He has still not fully recovered. Cram, 22, stepped into a pothole during an April training run and injured his groin. That sidelined him until early June, when he sprained his right ankle while playfully kicking around a soda can. Even after his 3:41.69 victory in the AAA Championships 1,500 last Sunday, Britons were still debating his readiness for the World Championships. Thompson, besides incurring a minor groin injury, lost his decathlon world record to Jürgen Hingsen of West Germany in June and may choose to pass up Helsinki. Wells, the 1980 Olympic champion at 100 meters, turned 31 in May and seemed to have lost a step of his speed—at least until Saturday night's AAA 100 final, when he placed a close second behind world-record holder Calvin Smith, 10.30 to 10.34.

What caused the loudest uproar in

continued

Scott would finish in 3:51.56, Coe in 3:52.93.

Britain, however, were the setbacks that started at a June 24 meet in Paris. There Coe, 26, the world-record holder at 800 and 1,000 meters as well as the mile, suffered through the most frustrating 1,500 meters of his career. Not only was he bumped off the track and into the long-jump pit early in the race, but he was also soundly outkicked on the final straightaway by José Luis Gonzales of Spain. Coe hadn't lost a 1,500 final in seven years. "The old snap wasn't there," Coe said afterward. "It's the school of hard knocks, isn't it?"

More hard knocks came with the following morning's Fleet Street headlines. CRUSHING DEFEAT FOR COE, proclaimed one. COE IS CARVED UP, said another with carnivorous fervor. STUNNED SEB IS BEATEN IN PARIS BRAWL, read a third. It was brought up, too, that Coe's only previous mile of 1983, run in Birmingham, England in early June, had been a 4:03.37, his slowest performance at that distance since 1977. Completely overlooked was his fine running of last winter, which included world indoor records for 800 and 1,000 meters.

The situation worsened for Britain two days later when Ovett was bloodied and beaten in a 1,000 at a meet in Edinburgh. Less than a lap into the race he was forced to leap over a fallen runner, spiked himself in the process and had to stop briefly. At the finish, Ovett, coming off a series of knee and hamstring injuries, was fifth in a field of 10. OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS JINXED, screamed a headline.

There was suddenly talk that perhaps Ovett's day had passed. A large bald spot hints at his advancing age—he'll soon be 28—and some observers suggested that he'd lost his competitive hunger. His new clothing company, Ovett Sportswear, Ltd., brings in good money, as do his promotional work for U-Bix Copiers and his wife Rachel's modeling. It's now in his best interest to be more personable, less feisty. However, his attitude toward old rival Coe hasn't become much more charitable. After the fiasco in Edinburgh, Ovett sneered to reporters, "At least I didn't end up in the sand pit," and when it was reported that Coe had dumped girl friend Irene Epple, the West German skier, in favor of British tennis player Linda Geeves, Ovett raised an eyebrow and sardonically asked, "Does his father know?" Some things, it seems, never change, even in the worst of times.

Ovett gradually came back to form, qualifying for the World Championships 1,500 with an impressive 3:33.81 clocking in Oslo on June 28 and running a 1:46.29 800 in an AAA qualifying heat last Saturday, well within the 1:46.50 British qualifying standard for the Championships. But in the 800 final on Sunday, he fell apart again. About 200 meters into the race, Ovett was spiked in his right foot, and a three-inch gash opened up. He gamely continued, running smoothly, until the 600-meter mark, when he was hit with a bad muscle spasm in his right buttock. The instant Ovett dropped out of the race, his chances of

Wells (left) ran well but not well enough, losing to Smith by a scant .04 of a second.

Thompson longs for his decathlon record.

being selected to compete in the 800 at Helsinki dropped precipitously.

Coe, after a brilliant 1:43.80 800—history's sixth-fastest time—in that June 28 Oslo meet, stumbled again two weeks ago, letting Yugoslavia's Dragan Zdravkovic blow past him in the final yards to win a 1,500 in London. One reason for his defeat, explained Coe afterward, was that a dog had bitten him on the left ankle only a few days before the race and the ankle had swollen. In any case, much of the British press and public, now fed up with not only their athletes' failures but also with open feuding among Cram, Ovett and Coe over who was getting favored treatment from Britain's World Championships selection board, suggested that Coe scrap his plans to run both the 800 and 1,500 in Helsinki. Under pressure, Coe gave in. "If I did anything other than win [the World Championships 1,500], it would leave me open to accusations that another athlete should have been sent," he said. But Coe also knew that if he beat Williamson in Saturday night's mile, he would win a moral victory. And sure enough, Williamson made himself the man to beat.

At the 1,100-meter mark the 23-year-old Williamson barreled between Scott and Masback and took off. Scott and Coe were on his tail, waiting to pounce. Williamson passed through 1,200 meters in 2:58.77, almost seven seconds behind Coe's world-record split. Off such a slow pace, this was anybody's race.

Scott ran Williamson down on the backstretch, taking the lead with 250 meters to go. When Coe, too, went by Williamson and crept up on Scott's shoulder, the crowd rose, roaring. Coe was in perfect position to haul in Scott, toss him aside and put British track and field right back on its feet again. This was it. THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

But the empire struck out. "I knew Seb wasn't going to catch me when the crowd went silent," said Scott later. Scott hit the finish line at 3:51.56, fully 12 yards ahead of Coe (3:52.93), 20 ahead of Williamson (3:53.96) and a light-year ahead of the fourth-place Coghlan (3:57.61). He had proven that, without question, he's now the world's outstanding miler. "At last, maybe people will realize just how good Steve is," said Scott's coach, Len Miller. "Do you know he's never even been named amateur athlete of the year in his home state of Arizona? Here's a guy who has his running in perspective, his goals in perspective, his life in perspective. . . . Maybe now people will begin to put *him* in perspective."

"I know Seb isn't at his best, so that tarnishes this a little," said Scott, with typical humility. But Coe, with typical frankness, disagreed. "Don't denigrate yourself," he told Scott. "The way you're running, I don't think anybody could have given you much more of a fight tonight." As for himself, Coe said, "I improved from my last two 1,500s, and that's a good sign. I like to feel that the engine is on the way up." But after last week's AAA it was hard to believe that any of Britain's runners will be revved up enough to win in Helsinki. END

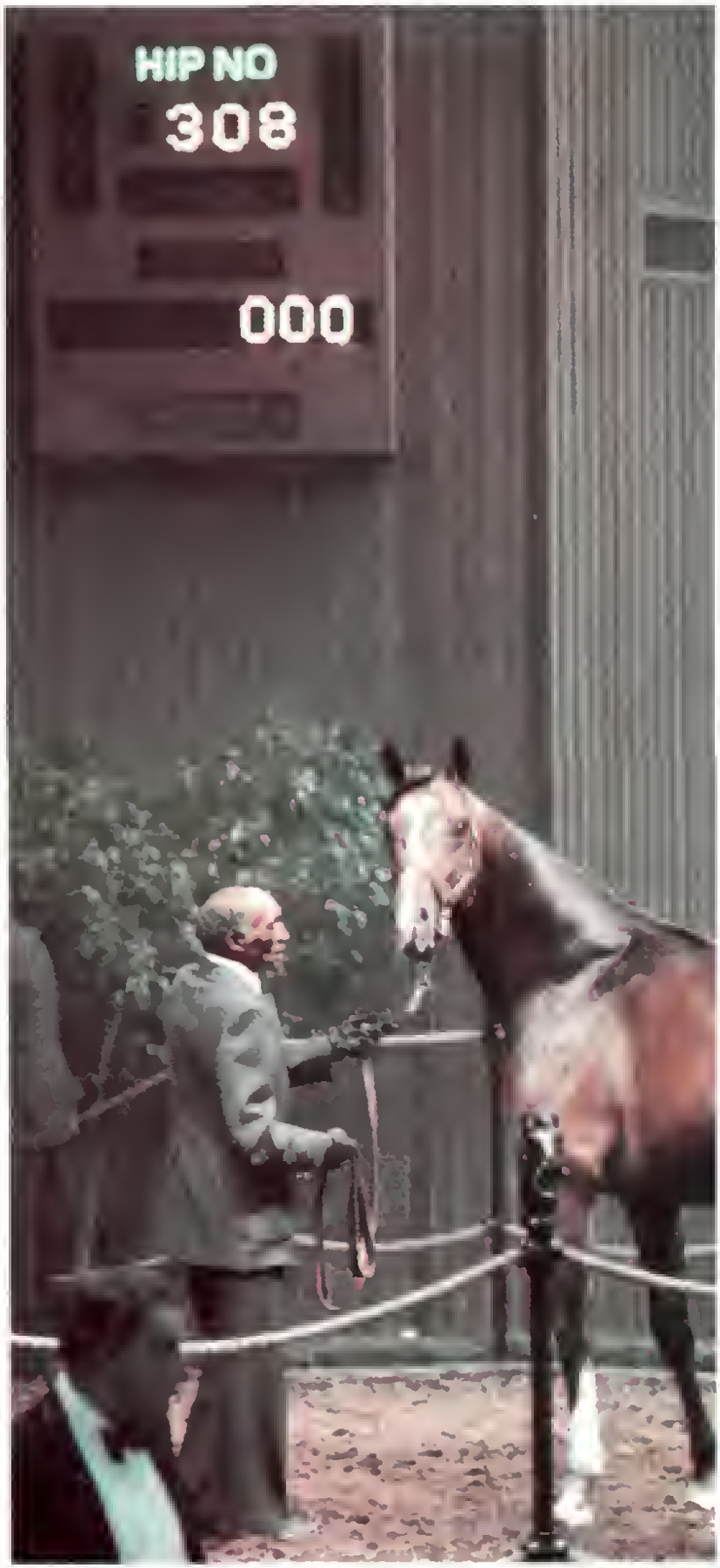
Cram (1) won the 1,500 at the AAA but may not be in shape to stay No. 1 in the world.

Ovett showed good form in a fast 800 heat but suffered a muscle spasm in the final.

"My God, Are These People Spending Real Money?"

That's what the owner of No. 308 asked as a record $10.2 million was bid for his yearling at Keeneland

by WILLIAM F. REED



It will take a while for the world's thoroughbred industry to make sense—if, indeed, there's any to be made—out of the madness that occurred last week in the Keeneland sales pavilion in Lexington, Ky. In an incredible bidding war that took only eight giddy minutes, an Arab oil sheik bought an untested and unnamed yearling colt bred by a Kentucky coal-mine operator for $10.2 million, more than twice the previous world record of $4.25 million for a yearling. By paying that monumental sum, Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid al Maktoum, defense minister of the Persian Gulf state of Dubai, got the horse of his dreams, scored a macho victory over a big rival from Great Britain and raised all sorts of questions about what this sort of megaspending means and where it all will end.

The colt, hip No. 308 in the Keeneland catalog, was among the last yearlings auctioned during the two-day sale, at which the biggest Kentucky horseflesh peddlers annually auction off the best sons and daughters of the best sires in the world. That No. 308 broke the record came as no surprise, considering that he

was a beautifully constructed son of Northern Dancer, out of the mare My Bupers, who has produced a number of stakes winners. To the big bidders from Europe and the Middle East, the blood of Northern Dancer is immensely valuable because of the way his progeny have performed in the classic races of Europe. What was astounding, however, was the magnitude of the record. Only the most cockeyed optimists expected the colt to bring more than $5 million.

On the day of the historic sale, the colt's breeder, Donald Johnson, had stood outside Keeneland's Barn 16 and watched as one buyer after another came around to have a final look at the colt. Squinting into the sun, Johnson smiled and nodded at a sheik and his gaggle of advisers. Moments later, Johnson was chatting with a member of the British syndicate headed by soccer-pools baron Robert Sangster. And the silver-haired little man over there, wearing the gaudy Polynesian shirt? That was Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipping magnate. "All the right people," said Johnson. The ones, in other words, who in recent years had bent the international yearling market out of shape with their desire to dominate the classic races of Europe.

Johnson, 49, was nervous. Far from being a member of the horsey Lexington aristocracy, he'd made his fortune as a coal-mine operator in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, deep in the heart of Appalachia. He has been in the horse business only since 1975, when he used some of the money he'd made in the coal boom of the early '70s to buy a few broodmares and 1,000 acres of scruffy land just outside Lexington. Using a bulldozer borrowed from his Crescent Coal Co., Johnson personally cleared the land and turned "an old pig farm," as he calls it, into the Crescent Farm, a suitable home for his broodmares and their offspring. Last week he had two colts at the Keeneland sale, one of the smallest consignments but one that hardly went unnoticed. As Johnson put it, "It doesn't make any difference who you are. If you have the horse, they'll buy it."

Winning bidder Mohammed bin Rashid beat the Brits

Because of shrewdness, or luck, or perhaps a little of both, Johnson in 1978 had bought a breeding share in Northern Dancer just before Sangster

continued

The numbers went up, up on the Northern Dancer colt until Sangster backed down.

The coal man, Johnson, and his wife, Linda, struck a gusher of oil money with No. 308.

$10 MILLION YEARLING *continued*

and the Arabs had begun to express, with their checkbooks, their passion for the offspring of the 1964 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner. Johnson, who paid $125,000 for the share, sold it last year to a sheik for more than $600,000, as good a measure as any of how Northern Dancer's stock has risen. However, of the three Northern Dancer colts that Johnson got from his share, No. 308 was the first to get to the sale.

Two years ago Johnson had to remove his first Northern Dancer colt from the auction because it had developed a throat obstruction; last year, only six weeks before the sale, his second Northern Dancer colt died of an intestinal virus. The latter cost Johnson a small fortune, especially because the colt wasn't insured. That didn't shake Johnson's resolve—"If you can't afford to lose 'em you can't afford to have 'em," he says—but it did make him skittish enough that his wife, Linda, was able to persuade him to insure hip No. 308 for $1 million.

Privately, as time for the sale approached, Johnson was thinking that the colt might sell for $6 million, perhaps even $7 million. Later he would say, "If I could have written a script, it couldn't have gone any better for me." After all, the expensive Keeneland yearlings of the past few years had done extremely well over in Europe. Sangster, who operates the biggest soccer pool in Great Britain, came to Keeneland in 1975 and bought a son of Northern Dancer for $200,000. He turned out to be The Minstrel, winner of the Epsom Derby in 1977, and that set off the Northern Dancer boom.

My Bupers, No. 308's dam, lives on Johnson's former "pig farm."

Sangster's spending power went virtually unchallenged until 1981, when about half a dozen oil sheiks from various Arab states plunged into the yearling market. On June 25 this year Shareef Dancer, a son of Northern Dancer and a $3.3 million Keeneland purchase in 1981, won the Irish Sweeps Derby for Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid. A half-brother to hip No. 308, Lyphard's Special, won a big race in England on July 9. Finally, and most important, both the sheik and Sangster seemed to want No. 308, and when they go head-to-head, they create a market all their own.

The Arab contingent was led by the Maktoum brothers of Dubai—the Doobie Brothers, as the Kentucky breeders call them. In '81 Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid al Maktoum and Sangster locked checkbooks over a son of Northern Dancer that later would be named Ballydole. Sangster won the bidding, spending $3.5 million, then a record. Only moments after the bidding for Ballydole, Sheik Mohammed spent the $3.3 million for Shareef Dancer.

In 1982 at Keeneland, Sangster and Sheik Mohammed resumed their duel over a colt that would be named Empire Glory—a son of Nijinsky II and a grandson of Northern Dancer. "He sent a message to me," said the sheik, who bid $4 million for the yearling. Sheik Mohammed may have gotten the message, but once again Sangster got the horse, that time with a record bid of $4.25 million. And this year, on the opening day of the Keeneland sale, Sheik Mohammed also was underbidder to Sangster for hip No. 115, another son of Northern Dancer, at a record-tying $4.25 million. "It's reached a vendetta between them," an adviser to the Arabs told a reporter from the *Lexington Herald-Leader*.

Before the final session of last week's sale, the one that included hip No. 308, it was reported to Keeneland President J.E. (Ted) Bassett III that the Maktoum party already had their bags in the lobby of their hotel and seemed to be ready to make an early exit. "Our hearts kind of sank," said Bassett, who remembered how abruptly the market had dropped two years ago when the Arabs pulled out before the final session. However, to the

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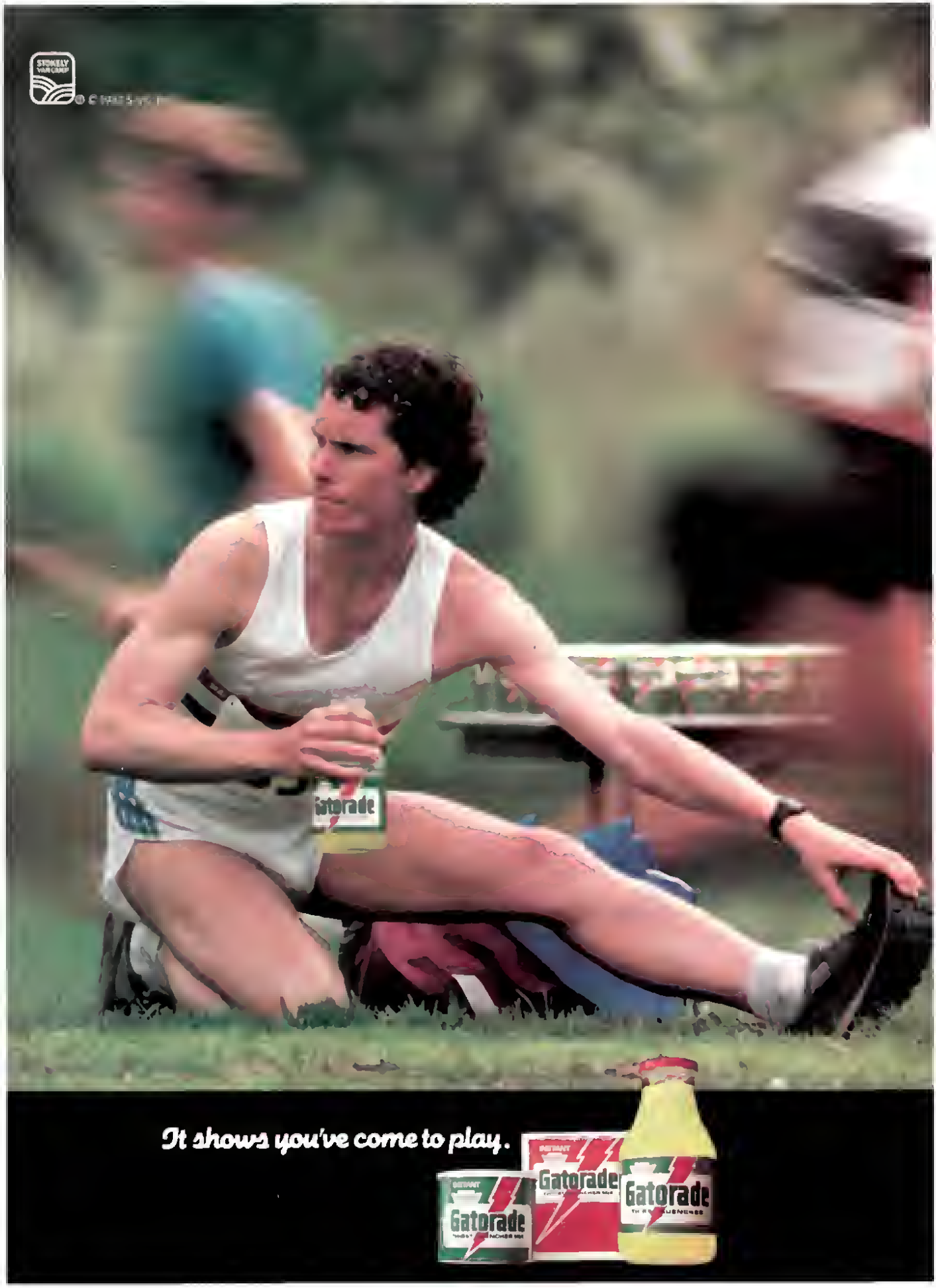
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relief of both Bassett and Johnson, the Maktoum group was still around when it finally came time for No. 308 to be sold. It took all of 45 seconds for the bidding, which began at $1 million, to reach $4.3 million and break the record. That caused a ripple of excitement among the jaded millionaires in the pavilion, and when the price soared past $5 million a few seconds later and didn't stop, there was a quaver in the voice of substitute auctioneer Scott Caldwell that reflected the building tension. Now only Sangster and Sheik Mohammed remained in the bidding. As the bidding went past $6 million, then $7 million, even Johnson became slack-jawed. He said, "I thought, 'My God, are these people spending real money?' It was amazing."

Up and up the numbers went, past $8 million and on toward $9 million. "I don't know if I can say that," said Caldwell when it came time to ask for the $9 million bid. After the bid, Caldwell's father, regular auctioneer Tom Caldwell, broke the tension by taking the microphone, looking at Bassett and saying of the electronic toteboard, "Ted, would you like to come up and cut out another digit?" The toteboard only goes to $9,999,999 and so it didn't have enough digits when Sangster made a bid of $10 million. In any case, this time Sheik Mohammed wasn't going to be outbid by his nemesis. He quickly upped the ante to $10.2 million, and after Sangster consulted with his advisers, it was Sangster who dropped out. As Sheik Mohammed's bloodstock agent, Col. Richard Warden, was nervously signing the sales slip—"You'll find 10 cents extra a gallon on your petrol for this," he said—the sheik watched the colt being led from the pavilion and, without pausing for a comment to the press, strode out through the cheering audience to where a limousine was waiting to take him to the nearby airport and his private 727.

Back in the pavilion, Sangster said, "We had the colt pegged for $5.8 million. That's what we talked about coming over." Then why go to $10 million? "Because we wanted him," said Sangster, who added that the record sale would be "good for the industry." No one knew for sure why Sheik Mohammed went so high. One breeder suggested that the Arabs' success with high-priced yearlings like Shareef Dancer may have convinced them they may now safely pay astronomical sums for young horses without looking foolish.

Others weren't so certain. In an interview with the *Herald-Leader*, manager John Williams of Spendthrift Farm said, "There should be room for realistic return on the investment. The only way there could be a return is if this horse were to win the American Triple Crown or the Arc de Triomphe." But if No. 308 does do that, or follows in the hoofsteps of The Minstrel or Shareef Dancer, then he might be syndicated for more than twice what he cost. Therein lies the gamble that is irresistible for the wealthy who play the horse market as others play the stock market.

For the 301 yearlings sold, Keeneland averaged a resounding $501,495, a 48% increase over the record of $337,734 set last year. Even eliminating the 83 yearlings bought by various Arabs, Sangster and Niarchos for a total of $77,635,000, the average still was $336,307, thanks in part to vigorous spending by Americans. Some Texans known as the Oak Cliff Breeders, Inc. spent $2.6 million for a Mr. Prospector colt, setting a Keeneland record for U.S. citizens. And Allen Paulson of Savannah, who runs a company that manufactures jets, spent $2.5 million for a Northern Dancer filly, tying the amount that the sheik had shelled out for another Northern Dancer filly.

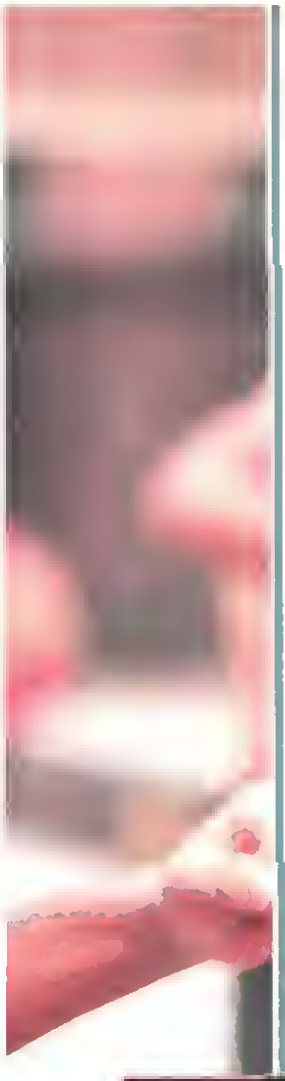
After the $10.2 million sale, Johnson returned to his barn to watch Sheik Mohammed's men load No. 308 into a truck and whisk him off. The other colt in the Crescent Farm consignment had sold for a measly $100,000. "Still gives me a heck of an average, though, doesn't it?" Johnson said. As a coal man, he was pleased at taking so much Arab oil money, "just so long as people don't blame me if the price of oil goes up."

Irish Sweeps winner Shareef Dancer poses with his owner and his groom, John Patel.

And what of the price of blue-blood yearlings? Can it keep going up? Almost before the ink was dry on the $10.2 million sales slip, some insiders were predicting that the record would last only until next year, when more Arabs would be coming to Kentucky to play the game that has been dominated by Sangster and Sheik Mohammed bin Rashid.

Johnson disagreed. "I don't mean to be bragging," he said, "but I think this record will sit there a while. I think we've given 'em something to shoot at for a long time." **END**

ARGINA



Now Here's A Macho, Macho, Macho Man

The three youthful passengers in the backseat of the chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce that's pulling out of a hotel parking lot in Phoenix are in a funk. Edwin, tall, lean and wearing loafers instead of his customary basketball shoes, rummages through a bag of tapes, looking for one to raise everyone's spirits. Tito, who has the mouth of a rock star, if not the voice of one, is wrestling with the cork in the champagne bottle clenched between his blue-jeaned knees. And Hector (Macho) Camacho, the pride of Spanish Harlem, the man who would be champ, is uncharacteristically slouching.

continued

Hector (Macho) Camacho used to steal cars for fun, but now he's seriously riding his streetwise style to fame and fortune in the ring

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

Camacho did a number on Sato last August and then did some numbers on the Atlantic City boardwalk.

Camacho, who is dressed in leather pants and a leather jacket, sits with his legs stretched in front of him. His head, crowned with short black curls, rests on his right fist as he stares out glumly into the twilight. There are no bruises on his smooth, angelic face from that April afternoon's grueling fight with Cuhanito Perez, but his battered pride keeps him still for a little while.

Camacho is accustomed to being embraced by women, parole officers, television folk and, especially, by the crowds of fans who stand outside the arena door after he has won another fight. Camacho, a 21-year-old junior lightweight (130 pounds), is undefeated in 21 professional bouts. And that's why he's going to fight former champion Rafael (Bazooka) Limón on Aug. 7 in what the WBC has called a "title elimination" fight even though the WBC's stripping of champion Bobby Chacon was rescinded on July 6 by a Butte (Calif.) County court.

That afternoon's fight crowd had cheered Camacho when he bounced into the Phoenix Civic Plaza Arena ring, dressed in shocking-pink boxing shorts, and danced around, stopping only to pummel the air with combinations. Camacho likes to show his opponent and the crowd just how fast he can be even while he's standing still. Knees bent, head down, his fists are a blur as his shoulder blades drive back and forth like the handles of two ripsaws.

Ten rounds later, after his undramatic and cautious victory over Perez, the crowd gave Camacho a hard time. Many thought Camacho had showboated a bit too much, and the unanimous decision in his favor was met with boos as well as cheers, and ice cubes landing in and around the ring. More than 3,000 people had come to be dazzled out of their seats by Camacho, a street-wise southpaw who has CBS and most of boxing pining for his honeyed grin.

When he's not training, Camacho spends some time with his loved ones—Keesha and his son, Hector Jr.—at an East Harlem pool.

"Hey, man, this is the place," Camacho says to the chauffeur as the car pulls up to a Phoenix hot spot that has probably never seen a Rolls before, much less one that's transporting a former inmate of Rikers Island prison.

With Tito and Edwin, both 19, who act as bodyguards, advisers, speech therapists ("Fe-BRU-a-ry! Fe-BRU-a-ry!" they tell Camacho), and friends until death ("We do everything with Camacho except go in the ring with him," Tito says), Camacho coolly saunters into the joint and is recognized immediately. The place breaks loose with cheers and applause: "Macho Man! Macho Man!" The guests of honor are seated at a table, and as Tito and Edwin fend off autograph seekers, Mexican songsters surround the table. Camacho is himself now, quick to smile, ready to have a good time; still, his face bears a hint of aloofness. Being loved is nothing new to him.

By the time the three return to their hotel, many hours and several hot spots later, at least one woman will have pulled splinters out of her feet, having been danced into the floor by Camacho.

"I'm a counter person," Camacho says in his husky voice. "You give me a jab and I'll counter it. . . .

"I'm born to be doing what I'm doing. I'm going to fulfill my goal of being a three-time champion and leaving my mark on boxing history."

"I thought *I* was cocky," says former welterweight champion Sugar Ray Leonard. "Camacho surpasses me by three or four levels. But when Camacho brags, he's not trying to convince you of anything, he's just telling you what's going to happen."

What's going to happen in the next few years is that the 5′ 5″ Camacho will have the chance to become the first athlete from Puerto Rico since Roberto Clemente to be accepted as a hero by mainstream America.

"You never feel anything surly or

mean in him," says Mort Sharnik, the boxing consultant for CBS, which has telecast many of Camacho's fights. "He's a sprite. A Puck."

Camacho's first name is suited to his spirit. In *The Iliad* Hector was the noblest and most magnanimous of the Trojan chieftains; he defended his city with heroic perseverance. But the noun "hector" has come to mean a swaggering bully, and the verb "to hector" means to browbeat. Camacho appears to be a modern Hector, a loud, bragging young upstart, but, in fact, he's refreshingly down to earth and unaffected, like his classical namesake.

After an East Harlem childhood spent getting kicked out of school, fighting, swinging from fire escapes—the scar on his forehead is from hanging into a fire escape—wooing girls, upsetting his mother and dancing on rooftops, he has calmed down.

And though Camacho is earning six-figure sums with each fight now, his life hasn't changed that much. He still lives with his mother, Maria, three sisters and brothers, a niece, a nephew and his stepfather, Alejandro Oliveras, in a housing project on East 115th Street.

He talks about moving to a tonier neighborhood, but he hasn't made the move. Where else could he live and know that his new car, a Cadillac Eldorado that his promoter, Jeff Levine, gave him, won't be messed with? Everybody—the guys playing basketball, the parents taking their kids out for a walk, the old people staring out the windows of the crowded tall red-brick buildings, the couples hanging around the plaza, the drug pushers on the corner—knows whose car it is, and no one touches it.

"We want to get out of the ghetto," says Billy Giles, Camacho's trainer-manager, "but we want to come back. You've got to remember where you come from. That's your roots. That's your strength."

The first time I saw Camacho fight," says Leonard, "I was so impressed I couldn't believe it. He's one of those rare fighters who has radar. Speed is his greatest asset, and his fist speed is so controlled, so accurate."

Because of his willness, speed, technique and propensity for spinning opponents around and hitting them from behind, Camacho is often compared with 1940s featherweight champion Willie Pep. "People say I fight like the old fighters," Camacho says. "I ain't nothin' like Pep. I'm just myself. I'm not the next Sugar Ray. I'm the next Macho Man.

"I got the God-gifted speed," says Camacho, whose reflexes are so quick he can play two video games, Pac Man and Star Gate, at once. When he works out on a speed bag, his fists rolling in smooth circles, there's no "ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta", there's just one long note: "ta-a-a-a-a."

"I learned to fight in the street," Camacho says. "I could bite, hit behind the head, hit with a garbage can. In the ring you've got to play the rules."

Although Camacho has never heaved a garbage can in the ring, he has gotten the reputation of being a dirty fighter. In March of 1982, he pinned Raphael Lopez on the ropes and was told to break. Camacho took a step back, and when Lopez dropped his hands Camacho came at him with a right to the jaw that knocked Lopez out for 10 minutes. In July that year he spun Louie Loy around 180 degrees and then stunned him with a right hook from behind. Referee Tony Perez warned Camacho, but he also admonished Loy to "protect yourself at all times." Camacho has received several warnings from refs for grabbing opponents by the back of the neck, a gesture he does so instinctively and well that it doesn't look sneaky.

"Hey, what do you expect? I'm just a street kid," Camacho says. "I got to break bad habits. I just got natural moves."

There's a difference of opinion about where Camacho got his moves. They seem to be part oil slick, part fastest gun in the West, part Fred Astaire. In fact after he beat Johnny Sato in Atlantic City last August he did a dance exhibition on the boardwalk with Edwin and Tito that drew a bigger crowd than the fight had.

"You get moves from running down the street with a guy chasing you with a knife or a gun," Giles says. "You get moves when you go to school and someone tries to take your lunch money and

Camacho with his set of wheels and pals, Xavier Rivera (center) and Tito Cuevas.

continued

you go hungry. Or when someone tries to take your coat off your back. If you don't move then, you never will."

"Rice and beans," says Camacho's 38-year-old mother. "That's where his moves come from. Rice and beans."

"He's been reincarnated from a boxer in another life," says Patrick Flannery, a language arts teacher at Manhattan High whom Hector calls Pop. "You can't have that skill, that talent, and be so young."

Camacho was born in Bayamon, Puerto Rico and was brought to New York three years later by his mother, who left his father to move her two children to the Big Apple. By the time he was 15 his moves had earned him expulsion from six schools. "I was always beating up other students," he says apologetically. "I was in the principal's office every day. They be telling me, 'Take it easy, Hector.' My pants were always ripped. The day they took the class picture I had a new three-piece suit. Then I climbed a fence and ripped the jacket up the middle."

Before Camacho was big enough to steal cars he was recreating gang wars with heisted GI Joe dolls. "I used to go to Gimbels," he says. "I'd steal 'em, stick 'em in my pants, my socks. I had 30 GI Joes. My mother found out and she threw them in the incinerator. Next day I come back I got 34 GI Joes. Got the airplane, got the helicopter, got a starship."

Camacho soon graduated to bigger toys. "I had a Mercedes, a BMW, a Corvette," he recalls proudly of his "borrowed" fleet. "Only the best. I'd clean 'em, wax 'em, take real good care of 'em. People would come round and say 'Hey! Whose car? Whose car?' I'd say, 'My uncle's. My uncle's.'" He grins.

The first time Camacho was arrested for car theft, in 1979, it was after a 30-block chase that ended when the pursuing officer cornered Camacho inside a building and split open the back of his head with a gun butt. Camacho got three stitches and spent a day on Rikers Island. While on probation, he was arrested again, this time for accompanying a friend on a joy ride in a stolen car. He was sent to Rikers for 3½ months.

"After a fight in the prison they put me in solitary confinement," Camacho says. "I had no TV, no radio, no blanket. I was talking to God every day when I was inside, thinking about my mother, my newborn son. I said, 'God, give me another chance. I'll get out, be a champion boxer. Just give me one more chance.'"

When Camacho went to Rikers Island he was 17. Two years before that, he'd presented his manic self to Flannery at Manhattan High, a school for hard-to-handle children. Flannery became Camacho's first solid paternal figure.

"Patrick's always been a father to me," says Camacho, who would rather go to a party at Flannery's than to one anywhere else. "He's always taken care of me, led me; he's the one who's always there to advise me. He loves me like a son."

Flannery is an acrobat who has been on the Johnny Carson and Mike Douglas shows, a stunt man who has fallen off a roof and gotten beat up with a baseball bat in Woody Allen movies.

"When Hector came to Manhattan High," says Flannery, 48, "he was an illiterate. He had no idea what letters represented what sounds. He'd never sat still long enough to learn how to read. He has so much energy it's incomprehensible.

"He learned to read and write so fast it would make your eyes roll. He's extremely intelligent. We got second- and third-grade books, and he set the world record in learning how to read. He astounded me. He'd write compositions about boxing and about how he was going to become a champion and buy his mother a new house. He passed the written exam for his driver's license on his first shot, and that's unusual for a ghetto kid.

"His speech was quite unintelligible back then. He pronounced 'Golden Gloves' something like 'cuttin gla.' When he made up his mind to fight in them I did everything I could to discourage him, but when I saw how determined he was, I gave him my boxing shoes and helped him fill out the forms. We lied and said he was 16 when he was really only 15."

Camacho had been training since he was 10, when his stepfather, a boxing trainer, encouraged him to work out at a gymnasium. "I started beating my sparring partners," Camacho says. "That's when I knew I had something."

With the help of a trainer named Bobby Lee, Camacho won New York Golden Gloves titles three years in a row. He had already won his first when he found himself in solitary confinement at Rikers Island. Other inmates on the island came up to him and said, "Hey, man, what are *you* doing in here?"

"He had a lot of fights in there," Flannery says. "He learned that a fighter can't afford to be intimidated."

Flannery is also responsible for the Macho in Camacho. "His friends were going to call him 'Payaso,'" Flannery says, "which means 'clown' in Spanish. I named him Macho. The rhyme is something everybody won't forget. He used it in his first professional fight, against David Brown at the Felt Forum. He was introduced as Macho Camacho and the audience went wild. It's a name that suits him perfectly."

Camacho was officially enrolled at Manhattan High until 1982, when he decided to devote all his time to training. "We knew he wasn't going to be no doctor or lawyer," says

Father figure Flannery made sure Camacho hit the books

. . . while Giles oversaw the hitting at Connies, where Camacho trains in New York.

Giles. "He dropped out in the 11th grade, but he will get his diploma. We'll hire tutors for him."

Camacho still goes back to Manhattan High to visit. "When I go to schools at first the kids say, 'Oh, he was arrested, a juvenile delinquent,' " he says. "But then they see I'm not a bum. They respect me. I was in trouble when I was a youth. Now even the senior citizens look up to me. I'm an example of how people can live their dreams."

"Pah! Pah! Pah!" Giles says, dancing behind Camacho, who is ransacking a heavy bag. Traveling an unchoreographable route of pretty footwork, Camacho appears to be suspended in midair like the bag, hanging in the fury of his own punches. "Keep you moving, keep you moving," Giles says, bending over. "Throw it again! Throw it! O.K., now, drop your right hand. Work, work, work!" Camacho's head is down, intent. His top lip is pulled back as he snarls. "Gonna break your back, man," he says. "*Pam!*" He lands a right hook that would break the back of an elephant.

"In boxing they used to say you should drown all southpaws at birth," says Marvin Davis, a trainer at Connies Gym in Harlem where Camacho is working out. "But if you're a southpaw, don't change. Be what God meant you to be."

"He's a stick-and-move man. I can never see his hands. They're too fast, like a blur. Ooh!" he winces. "Hear that?" Camacho has just landed a right hook, his strongest punch, on the bag.

"Looks like an altar boy, don't he?" says Davis, chuckling. "Deceiving."

Camacho suddenly breaks his concentration, struts around and says, "I feel like a nut hitting this thing. Give me someone *real*."

Connies Gym on 125th Street is across the street from Soul on Wax and right next door to This Bitter Earth Restaurant. Everything in the gym looks abused: the ceiling, sagging from the weight of a huge ugly heating unit; the walls, covered with old posters and torn photographs; the few chairs; the buckled wood floor. The room is now full of people who are watching Camacho pummel the heavy bag and the speed bag.

After Camacho finishes his workout and is on his way out, a man who's a foot taller and about a hundred pounds heavier lets him know that he isn't everything he thinks he is. Camacho, inspired and gleaming, rails at the man, angering him. As the man's ire grows, so does Camacho's audacity. He looks like a boy taunting a dragon and having a helluva time. Someone whisks him out the door.

"We could have had him," he says later on the street to Tito, Edwin and his 5-year-old son, Hector Jr., who lives nearby with his mother, Myra Oliva. (Hector Sr. has found a new leading lady, 18-year-old Keesha Colon.) "My son would have grabbed his leg, and we would have taken the rest of him. I don't fear nobody," he says calmly, grabbing hold of little Hector's hand and heading home. The 15 years between them somehow diminishes when they walk away along the darkening street.

Camacho is now back at his mother's apartment, lounging on the couch. "Hey," Edwin says, tossing a foot-long stuffed moose towards him.

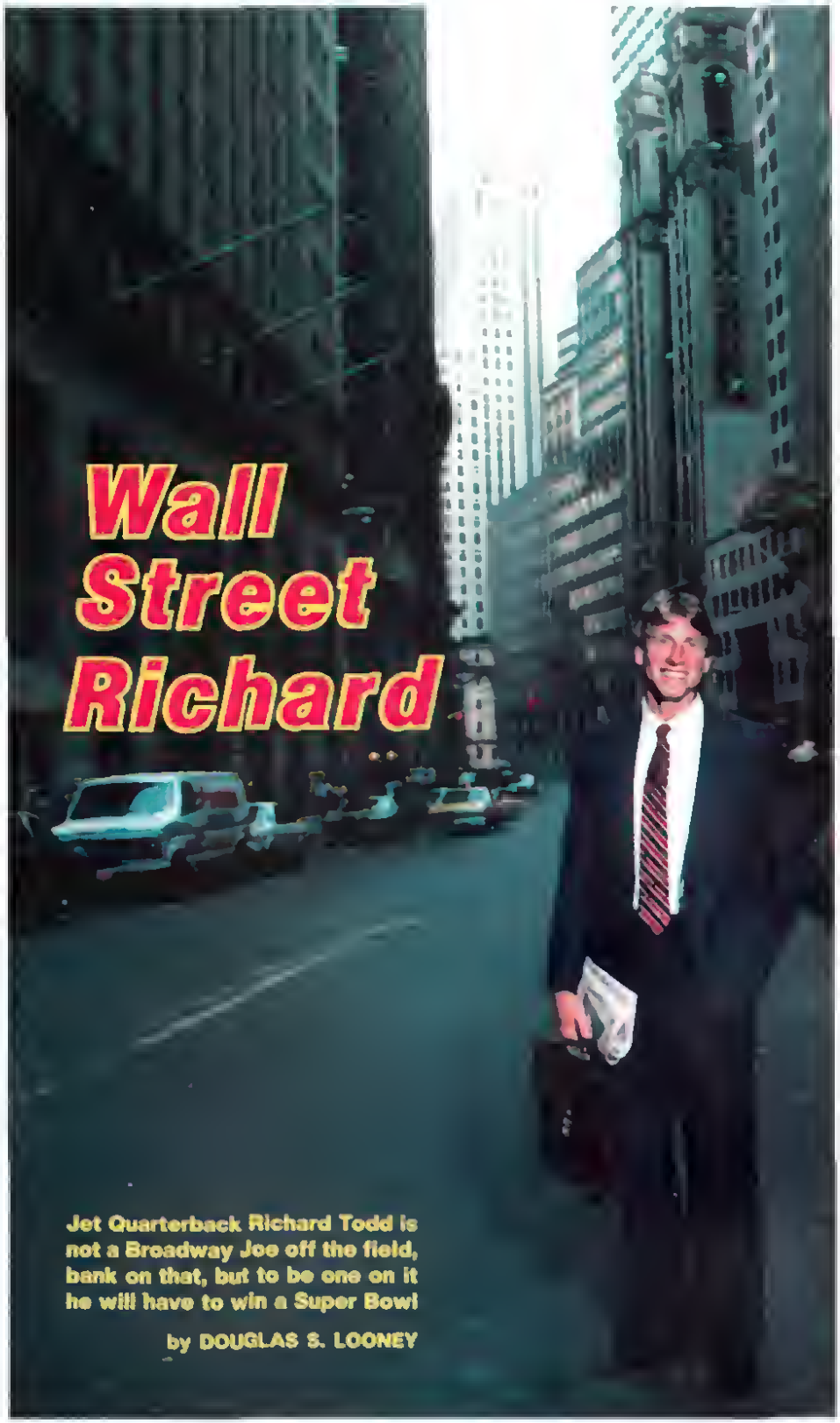
"That your teddy bear?" Tito asks, grinning.

"This is no teddy bear," says Camacho. "This is a moosie." He put the moose, a present he was given when he fought John Montes in Anchorage, Alaska, on his chest. "My pillow, man." The moose's stomach is flattened in the middle where Hector rests his head on it.

"The best is yet to come," he goes on. "And when the best is over I'm going to retire, have a restaurant, a club maybe, something nice. Have my mother cooking in the back; my sister taking care of the dishes. A lot of boxers squander their money. Not me. You put money in the bank, after a while it works for you."

"Hey," Tito says. "Look at the moosie's face. He got a crooked jaw. What'd you do? Break his jaw?"

"Nah," Camacho says, stroking the moose's head. "I'm a macho man, but then again, I'm a sweetheart." **END**



Wall Street Richard

Jet Quarterback Richard Todd is not a Broadway Joe off the field, bank on that, but to be one on it he will have to win a Super Bowl

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Todd stayed in New York in the off-season working as a stockbroker, not a heartbreaker

Out at the Muscle Shoals, Ala. airport the other day, Richard Todd, quarterback of the New York Jets, was getting ready to fly his single-engine Cessna Skylane. While a mechanic was making the windshield spotless, an onlooker asked, "Richard, you're not going to mess up that windshield by running into any bugs up there, are you?" Said Todd, "Whatever's up there, I'll run into it."

That speaks volumes because there isn't much Todd hasn't run into. He's on a first-name basis with adversity. He has run headlong into legends and lost; he has run into New York and lost; he has run into surly fans and snippy media and lost; he has even run into his own sometimes sullen nature and lost. And in 1980, when after four seasons of struggle the job as Jets quarterback was at last his and his alone, he not only led New York to a 4–12 record but also led the NFL in interceptions with 30. Booooo.

In fact, Todd has been the Quarterback of the Future ever since he was drafted No. 1 out of Alabama by the Jets in 1976. The team and its fans have waited, waited, waited. . . . Finally, as much to send a message to Todd as anything, New York chose a quarterback named Ken O'Brien from Cal-Davis as its No. 1 in April's draft. Todd brushes it off, saying, "I guess if they had drafted John Elway, I might worry."

New Jet Coach Joe Walton, previously offensive coordinator and, says Todd, the only coach he has ever had who really taught him how to play football, pumps up Todd by saying, "Richard is just on the threshold of becoming a great quarterback. He has about reached the age and experience level where things should start going well for him."

They had better start going really well. The Jets are a talent-laden team that seems to have no holes, although New York's All-Pro center, Joe Fields, says perceptively, "Talent isn't talent until it shows up on the football field." All-Pro Wide Receiver Wesley Walker adds, "Everybody expects us to win." Indeed, this season anything less than a Super Bowl appearance—if not victory—will be viewed by Jet fans as a failure of unspeakable proportions. And guess who they will blame most? Says an executive

continued

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Last season went swimmingly for the Jets until Todd rained interceptions on Miami.

It was a cold night in New York last January, several days before the league championship debacle, and Todd, wearing jeans and a baseball cap with his battered two-year-old python-skin cowboy boots propped on a facing seat, was eating tuna salad from a plastic bowl as he sat in the rear of a long, black limousine. Obviously, passenger and vehicle weren't well matched. That figures, because Todd and New York have never been in sync, have never been a match.

The reason is simple. Todd arrived in New York in 1976; in 1977, he replaced Joe Namath as the Jet quarterback. New York fans didn't want Namath replaced by *anybody*, and have never forgiven Todd for being the man who moved their hero out. When you compete against a legend, the legend wins. The fans have generally chosen to ignore the fact that Namath's record with the Jets was 60–63–4 and that only three of his 12 seasons at the helm were winning ones. Todd has a similar mark, 33–38–1, and he has already had two winning seasons in six. Easily overlooked, too, is how alike the performances of Namath and Todd have been if one considers their best years. For Namath it was 1967, when he completed 258 of 491 passes for 4,007 yards, 28 interceptions and 26 touchdowns. For Todd it was 1981, when he connected on 279 out of 497 attempts

continued

with a rival club, "The problem is that Todd has been doing pretty darned good, but doing pretty good in New York isn't nearly good enough."

In short, it's put-up-or-shut-up time for Todd. He has tantalized Jet fans with mountaintop performances that only made the ensuing valleys seem deeper and more desolate. Last season, for example, he completed a whopping 67.3% of his passes in playoff wins over the Raiders and Bengals, and then threw five interceptions against the Dolphins in the AFC championship game. Typical. Right at the brink of acceptance, which he wants so urgently, he flubbed.

At Todd's football camp for kids, at the University of North Alabama last month, a coach was explaining that Todd would put on a clinic to "demonstrate what he does best." Mike Flynn, 16, of Huntsville, piped up, "What's that? Throw interceptions?" Says Todd, "Everybody remembers that last, lousy game. But what I have come to understand is the quarterback gets way too much blame when the team loses and way too much credit when it wins."

When Todd walked out of the dressing room after the Miami game, he at last saw a friendly face, that of his wife, Lulu, who grabbed his arm, looked him dead in the eye and said, "What was wrong with you? Why did you play so badly?" Months later, the outspoken Lulu explained, "Richard will never be accepted in New York and he will never make it in New York until he wins a Super Bowl—like Joe Namath. Period. Against Miami, Richard got humiliated. But people who think those interceptions will tear down his confidence just don't know him. He's cocky, I tell you."

Todd hopes Walton will help him end the Jets' long wait for a second Super Bowl.

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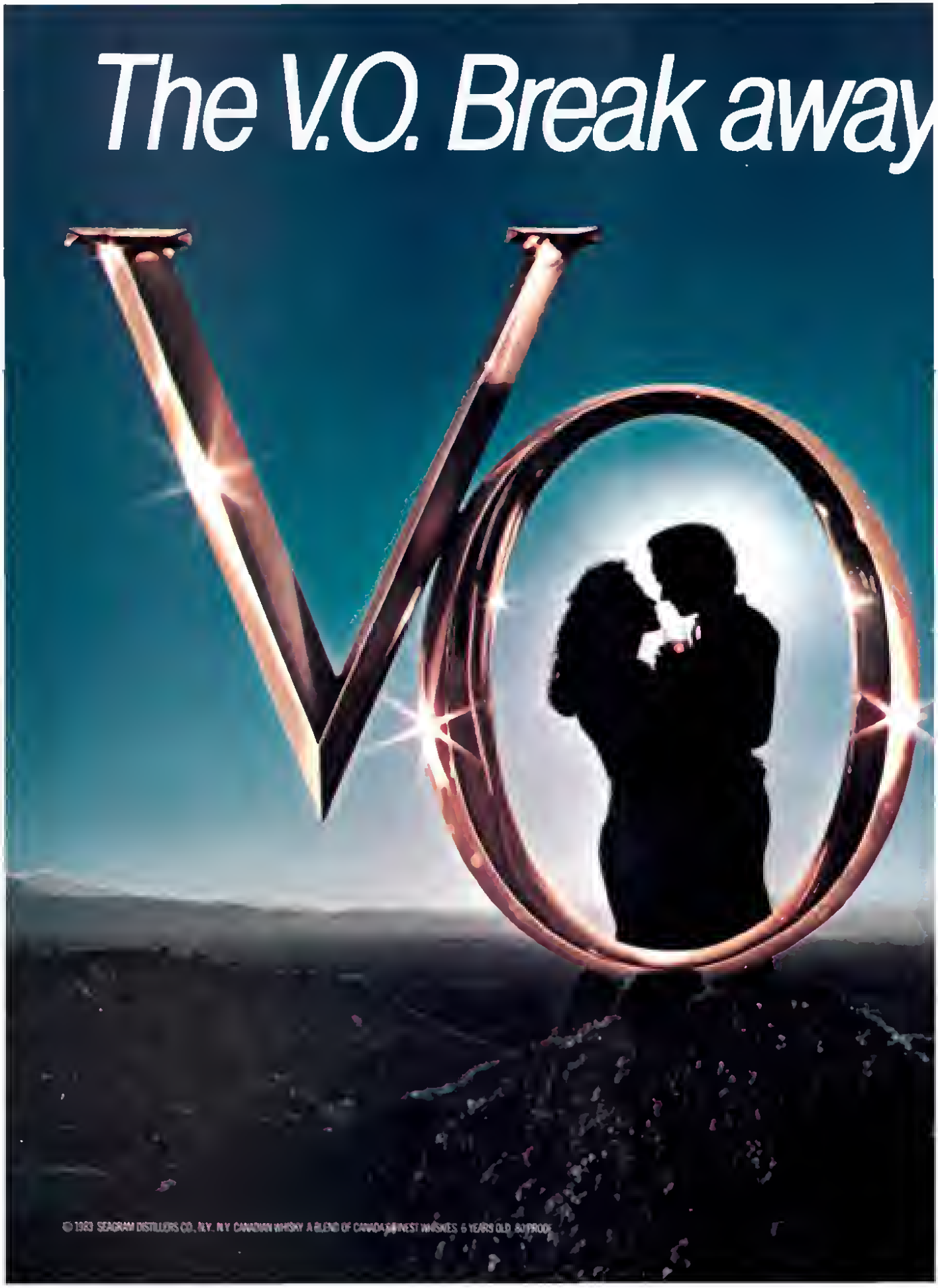
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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

for 3,231 yards, 13 interceptions and 25 TDs. That's about a wash. But what's never forgotten is that in 1969 Namath led the Jets to a Super Bowl victory.

As the limo sped toward a West Side studio where Todd would tape two television commercials for a New York newspaper, he looked out at the soft, orange winter sunset that was silhouetting the skyline, and said, "It's pretty tonight, isn't it? This city is just amazing. If you can do it here and lick all the problems here, then you ought to be able to handle anything anywhere else in the world. I've caught a lot of abuse. Fans are unreasonable everywhere. Fans are fans. They expect you not to make any mistakes. But this is a humbling game we play. There are no supermen. There are great players, but no supermen."

Except, as far as New York is concerned, Namath—the perfect New York quarterback. Brash and outrageous. Broadway Joe. Eat-drink-and-be-merry Joe, who then quarterbacked like crazy the next afternoon. He was still drunk, he says, when he passed for three touchdowns to beat Boston 38–28 in 1966. Rich. When Jets owner Sonny Werblin lured Namath to the AFL with a $427,000 contract in 1965, the figure seemed stunning. The women. Always the women. In his book, *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow . . .*, Namath says, "I'd like to tell you about what was actually the finest performance of my rookie season, but, shoot, I promised her I wouldn't." And most of all, The Prediction, Namath's perfectly wild and wacky boast that the Jets of the upstart AFL would beat the Colts of the proud NFL in Super Bowl III. Boast, hell. He guaranteed it. And when the Jets won, the Namath legend was immediately carved in stone. It didn't matter that in eight more seasons in New York Namath produced only one more winning record.

Ever since Namath limped off into the L.A. sunset in 1978 for an ill-fated last fling before retiring, the Jets have vowed to bury the star system. Still heard around the New York locker room is a plaintive scream from the equipment room, "Hey, you're no Joe Namath. Put your stuff where it belongs."

Because of Namath's long shadow, Todd has never been able to establish an identity of his own. For his part, Todd—definitely no Broadway Richard, but charming if given a chance—gives the question of image short shrift. "I'm not working on identity," he says. "I'm just a working guy trying to make it in the big city."

Be that as it may, Todd has sent out contradictory messages concerning who he is and wants to be. He stopped and changed a tire for a woman on the Grand Central Parkway in New York two years ago, politely declined a $10 tip and drove off. "Ah," he says with a snort, "we do that kind of thing all the time in the South." Good guy, that Richard. The same month, he got into a row with a *New York Post* sportswriter and stuffed him into a locker, a terrible, terrible thing to do to a gentleman of the press. Bad guy, that Richard. Is Todd benevolent or is he a bully? Says Todd, "I've always been a big, sensitive kid. Often, too sensitive." But, says his agent, Gary Wichard, "Richard Todd has finally become a New Yorker. He's callous."

Lulu, who hails from Florence, Ala., recalls that when she met Richard while attending summer school at Alabama in 1979, "He dressed like a hobo, acted like God's gift to earth and had hair longer than mine. He was real cocky and had no reason to be. He looked like surfer boy come to New York. A real freak-o. I thought he was obnoxious." But her view changed on their third date, when they played tennis. Says Lulu, "With just him and me, he seemed human. When others were around, they brought out the worst in him." Richard and Lulu were married in February 1981 in Fort Lauderdale. Among the guests: Namath.

In retrospect, it was logical that Namath and Todd were lumped together. Both came out of the University of Bear Bryant (as did Super Bowl winners Ken Stabler and Bart Starr), and Todd signed on with Namath's agent, Jimmy Walsh. They threw balls to each other on the Alabama practice field when Todd was an undergraduate, and if Namath hollered, "Keep your elbow up," Todd took it to heart. In a conversation two days before he died last January, Bryant said, "Joe was more skillful than Richard, but I'd

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

For horsing around, Lulu and Richard prefer her folks' haven in Alabama to New York.

Todd won't pop the cork on this $70 bottle of bubbly until the Jets win a Super Bowl.

sure like to have either one of 'em back even on their bad days."

Todd recalls, "When I came to New York, I was in awe and scared to death of the city. First of all, Namath was here. There were things I'd never had, like Chinese food and French food and all that. But hanging around Joe was fun." Once, when asked if Namath had influenced his social behavior, Todd replied, "Well, I liked girls even before I met Joe." Quips like that made the papers. Two dangerous forces were converging. Todd was trying to act like Namath and the press was trying to make him seem like Namath. But the fans were quick to notice he didn't play like Namath, at least the Super Bowl Namath.

The booing started in Todd's rookie season. He had a slight stutter, which he has since overcome, that made him the target of malicious fans. Things got worse in his second year, when he was sent to the hospital by the Jets' team doctor for what was thought by the other players to be a very minor injury. It turned out to be just that. Walt Michaels, then the Jets' coach, was livid when he learned Todd had been hospitalized and made his displeasure public. The incident brought Todd's toughness into question and prompted Richard Neal, one of New York's defensive co-captains then, to say, "We can't have a Namath situation here. We had Joe receive special treatment and we were losers."

In '79 a two-quarterback controversy raised its invariably ugly head. Richard Todd or Matt Robinson? The debate began in 1978 when Todd broke his collarbone, and Robinson stepped in and threw for a crowd-pleasing 11 touchdowns in 11 starts. On opening day 1979 Todd was second-team—and sullen. He got his starting job back the next week, but a lot of fans felt Robinson should have been quarterbacking the team. Once, leaving Shea, Todd wouldn't let Lulu walk with him because he didn't want her to see him being humiliated—and showered with garbage. "The fans didn't hate him," says Lulu charitably. "They just wanted him to do better. They knew he was a good quarterback." Maybe. Subsequently, Todd made a lewd gesture to the fans, which was caught by a photographer. He laughs about it now; the picture hangs on the wall of his family room. In 1980, after Robinson had been traded, the Jets were losing at home to San Francisco 37–27 to make their record 0–5 when it was announced that Todd had set an NFL record for completions in a game with 42. Fans responded by hollering, "We want Matt."

And all the while he was living in an apartment on the ocean on Long Island, lovely in summer but desolate in winter, and sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He was miserable and wanted nothing more than to get out of New York and go home to Alabama.

His unhappiness was understandable. Todd had had a gentle Southern upbringing. He was born in Birmingham and lived in Bristol, Va., then Tuscaloosa, Arkadelphia, Ark. and Mobile. His mother, Mary Ann, now teaches nursing at the Providence School of Nursing in Mobile, and his father, Carl, is a theology professor at the University of South Alabama. Such a background is poor preparation for bigmouth New York fans.

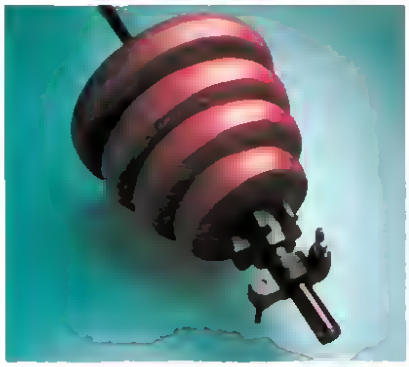
It was after that 4–12 1980 season that Todd had the dubious opportunity of discussing a new contract with the Jets. Talk about adversity. He humbly signed a three-year deal for $250,000 in 1981, $300,000 in 1982 and $350,000 for this season—with no incentives. In the world of top quarterbacks, this is embarrassingly low pay. Houston's Archie Manning will make more than $600,000 this season. Rookie O'Brien signed last week for a reported $1.6 million for four years. It's contract time again for Todd after this year.

Todd's troubles in 1980 got him to thinking seriously, and back home in Alabama during the off-season he told himself, "I'm going to play in New York, and I'm going to enjoy it in New York." He started making changes. No more Little Joe. He dumped Walsh and hired Wichard, who told him, "Somehow, you have become a villain. That's not right, and we have to change that image."

So when Todd returned to New York for the 1981 season, his attitude was all polished up. Just in time, too, because about all the excuses that could be made for Todd had been made—he was used wrong as a rookie, he was too young to expect much of, he was hurt, he was embroiled in a quarterback controversy, he had no offensive coordinator in 1980. At last he came through, completing 56% of his 1981 passes and throwing only 13 interceptions. The Jets got to the playoffs for the first time since 1969. Todd was voted the team MVP. The banners in Shea went up: TODD IS GOD.

Unfortunately, in his first playoff game he was a loser. New York fell behind the Buffalo Bills by 24 points early,

continued



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hut Todd led a stirring comeback, bringing the Jets to within four at 31–27 and then, as the clock wound down, marching them 69 yards to the Buffalo 11. From there, on the game's last play, his pass for Derrick Gaffney was picked off by the Bills' Bill Simpson. That interception ended New York's '81 season. Its '82 campaign ended, of course, with Todd's five intereceptions in Miami.

Still, if Todd has yet to prove that he can produce a second Jet Super Bowl win, he has shown in the last two years that he has matured as a quarterback. He has matured off the field as well. "I don't worry about my image anymore," he says. "I found out when I was trying to please everybody that I was making myself unhappy. And I learned I can't be concerned with people who come to games to scream and boo and cheer and drink." These days he comes across as a bright, open, concerned, helpful fellow—what's wrong with that for an identity?—whose idea of a perfect evening is watching three hours of football films, having a rack-of-lamb dinner at home with Lulu, watching some TV and going to sleep. Home is a $275,000 condo in Jericho on Long Island. When Lulu and Richard decide to kick up their heels, they play gin rummy. Richard usually wins. Who'd want a quarterback who couldn't scheme well enough to beat his wife at gin rummy? On their bar is a bottle of 1977 Louis Roederer Cristal champagne (price, $70). It was given to the Todds by Lulu's parents—to be drunk only in celebration of a Super Bowl victory. "New York is the best place to play when you win," says Todd, "and the worst place when you lose." He starts humming *New York, New York*.

Todd is becoming more of a fixture around the city. He'll be on local television once a week for 20 weeks starting later this month doing a sports segment designed, according to his agent, to "make use of Richard's glibness." And Todd stayed in New York during the past off-season for the first time, working for Bear, Stearns & Co., a Wall Street brokerage house. Really working. Says Todd: "There are very few O.J. Simpsons and Joe Namaths who can live off their names for 25 or 30 years. I've seen too many guys wandering around lost when football ends. What I might do when I retire is fly my airplane, sell stocks and go scuba diving in the Bahamas. That sounds like a pretty good life."

The Quad Cities Gridiron Club is meeting in Florence, Ala., and the guest speaker is Richard Todd. He is charming, loaded with charisma, out-Namathing Joe on his best days. First Todd addresses those Five Interceptions against Miami, explaining, "My mother always said she liked to see me throw 'cause somebody always catches it." Then he speaks to yet another sensitive point, the Jet draft of O'Brien: "I don't really know how the Jets felt about all those interceptions. Of course, they did draft a quarterback. He's a real nice guy. Smart, strong, good arm, good lookin'—all those things you hate to see. But I'd say he needs a little training, like five, six or seven years. Then he'll be ready."

And so forth. Incredible. Is this the same guy who stuffed the gentleman of the press into a locker? Asked about this later, Todd is typically candid. "I don't think the press likes me," he says. "And I have to face it, I am moody and irritable during the season. But if we had started winning right away when I got to New York, I could have mooned the city and nothing bad would have been written."

He's absolutely correct, as he is about most things when he gets a chance to think about them. Alahama is the place for him to think. He relaxes there on a 1,000-acre spread owned by his father-in-law, Elton H. Darby, a multi-zillionaire with holdings in lumber, aviation and real estate. It's a special corner of the world backed up to Wilson Lake and the Tennessee River. There, bouncing around the pastures in his four-wheel-drive vehicle—even in New York, Todd doesn't big-time people with his cars, his wife drives an Audi and he drives a dealer-provided Datsun—he's at peace with himself. "The fact is," he says, "I'm lucky. If I leave this earth tomorrow, it has been a blast. But I've always wanted to stick it out and show the New York fans they were wrong about me. Being a survivor is what's important."

So what do you want out of life, Richard?

"To be a winner."

What would winning the Super Bowl mean to you?

"That I'm a winner."

And how do you want people to remember you?

"I want them to say, 'That Todd was a winner.' That's it."

Anything else?

"What else is there?" **END**

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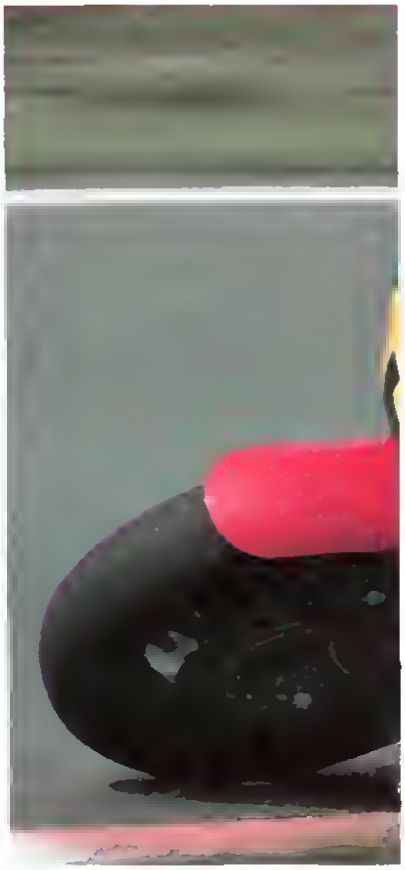
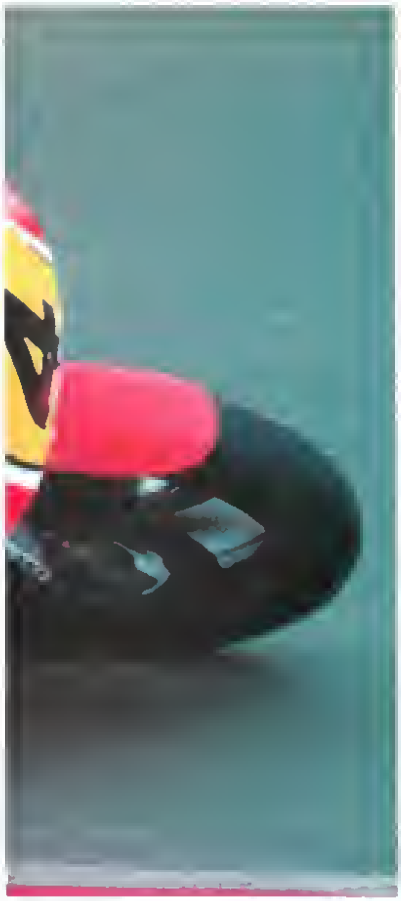
A Doodle Dandy Of A Dogfight

Motorcycling Americans King Kenny Roberts and Fast Freddie Spencer are thrilling Europe with a Grand Prix shootout **by SAM MOSES**



It's the classic American shootout, but with a very strange twist. Here's Kenny Roberts, the rowdy, lionhearted "old" cowboy from Modesto, Calif., going up against the kid from Shreveport, La., Freddie Spencer, for the 500-cc motorcycle road-racing championship of the world—the most coveted title in the sport. Though only 21, Spencer has 15 years of racing experience and is the most sensational young rider road racing has ever seen. Since 1978, Roberts, 31, has won the 500-cc championship three times. Now King Kenny and Fast Freddie are going head to head for the '83 title. Great. Except that most of their countrymen don't know about their battle, even though it holds millions of fans in Europe and Japan in thrall.

Right now, after nine of the year's 12 Grand Prix races, Spencer is leading Roberts by five points. Of those races, Spencer has won five and Roberts four. Roberts has also won the Daytona 200 and Italian Imola 200, which, although not Grand Prix events counting toward the 500-cc title, are the sport's richest races. There hasn't been such superb and breathtaking dueling between two riders since the days back in the '60s when the legendary Mike (The Bike) Hailwood of England and the dashing and daring Gia-



como Agostini of Italy were racing wheel-to-wheel. And never has there been such domination of the sport by racers from one nation. In addition to Spencer and Roberts, Randy Mamola and Eddie Lawson, both from California, the only other Americans on the circuit, rank third and fifth, respectively, in the world standings.

Motorcycle road racers in the U.S. have usually been like young men all dressed up with nowhere to go. There's so little interest in the sport here that a rider can't make a decent living at it, but in Europe successful racers can earn millions. Which is just what Roberts and Spencer are doing.

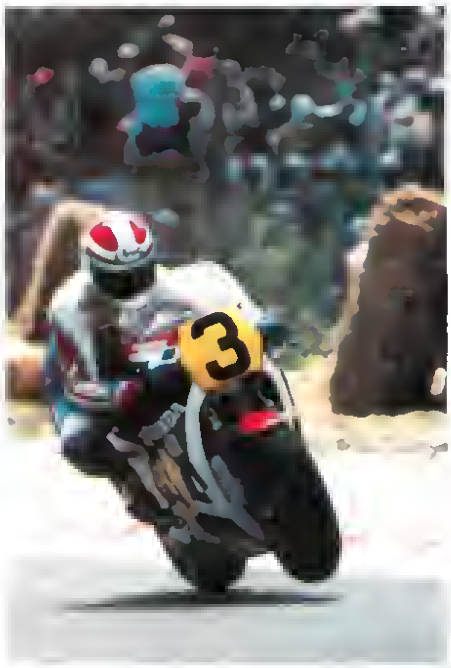
Roberts fits the European stereotype of the American racer: often loud, always cocky, sometimes profane. And spectacular on the track, as if he were still throwing a 750-cc flat-tracker around a half-mile dirt oval back home. After Roberts won his first world championship in 1978, the Yamaha firm made him a full factory rider. Testing a bike in Japan that winter, he broke his back and nearly died. In 1979 he wore a brace under his leathers and successfully defended his title. He won again in 1980.

Spencer is Mr. Clean at 11,500 rpm. He's mature, courteous and unassuming. He doesn't say provocative things, much less use four-letter words. He's engaged to Miss Shreveport 1981, Sarie Jaubert, and he emphasizes the word fiancée. Ask him if he has any character flaws, and he'll exhale and cluck and ponder as if it were the $64,000 question. Quite a few, he finally replies, trying to be modest and human while also being unable to come up with so much as a bad habit.

Spencer is a lanky 5′ 10″. Kenny is a bowlegged 5′ 6″. The physical differences are magnified when they straddle their bikes and lean them through the turns, dragging their knees on the pave-

continued

Knees dragging, Roberts (left) and Spencer wheeled head to head in the Belgian Grand Prix, which Roberts won on the last lap.



ment. Roberts crouches over his machine as though he were a wrestler throwing a full nelson, and he sometimes actually slides in the turns. No one before Roberts had ever slid a road-racing motorcycle, at least not deliberately. Spencer sits more upright, as though he were trying to push the machine away.

And Spencer hardly ever falls off. Maybe it's his reward for clean living. His attitude toward racing's risks is based on a religious conviction, which borders on fatalism. If God wants me He'll take me, if not, He'll protect me. Says Roberts, "It's nice to put your faith in God, but I know damn well that if I go into a turn without shutting off, I'm gonna fall over."

Spencer began burning up small-time, dusty ovals in Texas and Louisiana when he was 6 years old. At 11 he took up road racing, and when he was 17 and still in high school Honda offered him a pro contract. He had to wait until he was 18 to sign. "I try sometimes to remember back when I wasn't racing, but it's impossible," he says. Spencer estimates he has ridden in at least 1,000 races, and he can't recall ever finishing worse than fifth. He once won 10 road races in a day—heats and features in five separate classes. "Some days I would never take my helmet off," he says.

Shreveport's Hotchkiss Street Grocery Store. Fred Spencer Sr. prop., has never turned out a more polished apple. Fred Sr. was Freddie's first mentor, mechanic and sponsor, a man who sacrificed all his spare time and loose change to further his son's career. Freddie's success is his reward for enlightened fatherdom and wise coaching.

"He always supported me but never pushed me," says Freddie. "He never once told me how to ride or criticized my riding. He always had faith in my judgment—I even negotiated my first contract with Honda myself. He was very reserved about ambition. He always let other people be the ones to tell me I was good. He said you prove it on the racetrack. He told me that when I crashed or when the bike broke, I should simply walk back to the pits and never throw my helmet down. And when I was 16 he did something that was very difficult for him to do. He saw that I was going places he couldn't take me, so he quietly backed out of the picture."

The man Fred Sr. stepped aside for is Erv Kanemoto, a Japanese-American once regarded as the top bike tuner on the U.S. tracks and now Freddie's chief mechanic. In 1979 Kanemoto virtually had his pick of U.S. riders, and Freddie was still in high school, but Kanemoto took to him immediately. "He had so much experience and was so smooth it actually worried me," says Kanemoto. "Had he leveled off already, at 17? But there wasn't anybody with more potential, and I figured I'd just tie in with him and let it lead me where it may, hopefully to Europe."

And so it did. Spencer finished third in the 500-cc world standings last year, and his victory at Spa in Belgium was the first for Honda in a Grand Prix event since 1967, when Hailwood rode Honda's shrieking four-stroker in breathtaking battles with Agostini.

Riding for Honda, Spencer has become one of Japan's top sports figures. Honda has also made Spencer rich; he has contracts worth more than a million dollars a year. He's that important to them.

Roberts is balding, with a few gray hairs creeping in. He has grown wise, if not sophisticated, during his years on the circuit, and comfortable with foreign cultures, if not completely continental. He's as blunt and boisterous as ever. He's also the most popular rider on the circuit and a genuine sports hero in countries in which motorcycle road races routinely attract more than 100,000 spectators—more than Formula 1 auto racing draws at some of the circuits the two share. His signature model helmet, with a stylized eagle on the sides, reportedly sold 55,000 copies last year. "I *ride* the motorcycle," he says in an attempt to explain his popularity. "I think the fans appreciate that. You can tell watching a motorcycle racer if he's trying. You can see it."

Roberts expects this season to be his last—although Yamaha doesn't want him to retire, and he may be weakening. Whenever he does go, he will leave behind him a legacy beyond the fans' respect and affection. In his second year on the circuit he led a movement to improve conditions for the riders. It was a matter of decency and dignity to him, and he became a leader in the fight that established the Professional Riders' Association. The tracks have been made safer, and prize money, says Roberts, has increased 300%. None of this would have happened without Roberts. "There'll be a big hole when Kenny retires—at practice, at the races, traveling, at restaurants," says one of his crew. "I'm afraid the sport will die a slow death of the spirit without him."

So the old pro gives it one last shot—and along comes the young Turk. Roberts knows just how good Spencer is. "There's not a European around who can go as hard as Freddie," he says. "I'm determined to win back the world championship—it's my job—but Freddie is go-

Spencer won the laurels for his reign in Spain ...

After a slow turn, says Roberts, here leading Spencer in Spain, "the front end wants to jump about two feet."

ing to be real tough, and I'm not going to kill myself trying to beat him."

This year Spencer has won the Grand Prix in South Africa, France, Italy, Spain and Yugoslavia, with Roberts victorious in West Germany and Austria and the last two races, in Holland and Belgium. At most of these events Spencer and Roberts have been each other's most serious threat. And never was Freddie tougher or Kenny more combative than in the Spanish Grand Prix at Jarama, just outside Madrid, in May.

Riders, especially of the bigger bikes, are not fond of the Jarama circuit. It is short, twisty, humpy, bumpy and usually windy. "This is a really difficult track because it has all the wrong combinations for a big bike," said Roberts on the afternoon before practice, as he walked the two miles of the circuit on an inspection tour. "You're leaned over all the time because the turns are all banked, and a lot of them must be taken in first or second gear. You have to throw the bike into them to get it around, and the rear end wants to slide out. Then when you accelerate and the motor comes on at about 8,500 rpm, the tire bites and the front end wants to jump about two feet in the air. It happens all at once. So you spend all your time wrestling the bike."

Spencer's three-cylinder Honda gave him a small advantage; it was more suited to the tight circuit than Roberts' four-cylinder Yamaha because the Honda is lighter and quicker. Spencer was fastest in practice and set a track record in qualifying, while Roberts was just a tick behind. Roberts had been the 1982 victor in this event and was the crowd favorite, as usual, the Spanish having forgiven him for 1979. That year the organizers had denied him the starting money he was entitled to as world champion, pleading red ink; he told them that that was their problem and threatened to walk. They called him a peasant who puts his feet up on tables; he stayed and won the race but then refused the trophy, telling the president of the Fédération Internationale Motocycliste, a Spaniard, to go melt it down, seeing as the Spanish organization needed money so badly. That was the shot that announced the riders' rebellion against things as they were.

Race day this year was gorgeous, and the fans were high on sunshine and red wine and paella. They pressed past the barriers to the edge of the track, undaunted by the *guardia civil* patrolling the circuit with submachine guns. Roberts had a typically slow start—a weakness he blames on his short legs, for the riders must push-start their bikes. Spencer led until the ninth lap, when he slid coming out of a turn and both his feet flew off the pegs, flapping in the air as if he were a cowboy fighting to stay with a bronco. Roberts soon slipped past, and Spencer pursued, staring at the tips of the Yamaha's exhaust pipes poking out of the back of Roberts' seat like tommy guns. Through an S turn they weaved—left, right, as graceful and rhythmic as slalom skiers around gates, their knees dragging against the pavement, eventually rubbing holes through the leather to the padding underneath. Spencer would sit upright and ease his Honda down until his knee touched, his large round eyes wide in the window of his helmet watching Roberts. Roberts would hang off the motorcycle to one side, the back of his knee hooked over the edge of the seat, his buttocks completely off the bike, and then shift the bike into the right-hander and hang off the other side, a balancing act so swiftly executed and so precise it was as if Roberts had swallowed a gyroscope.

On the 19th lap Spencer passed Roberts; on the 21st Roberts took back the lead. The crowd roared at each pass and every feint. On one of the slow, banked turns Spencer stuffed it inside Roberts, but he had tried too hard and found himself sideways. He was just able to straighten out, and when Roberts peeked over his shoulder to see if Spencer was still upright, Spencer waved to him, as if to say, "You're making me scare myself, you know that?" From the roof of Spencer's motor home in the paddock, a friend said, "I's a dawg faght." And indeed, the way the two bikes peeled off for the next turn, they did look like banking fighter jets.

On the 33rd of 36 laps Spencer repassed, and for the final three he held Roberts off. On the last lap Roberts got caught through one turn behind a rider they were lapping, and Spencer won the race by a few bike lengths.

He was to depart that night for the next race, in Austria, along with Sarle. Roberts saw them off with a hoot and a wisecrack and then went to a restaurant fit for a peasant and got rowdy and made everyone in the place laugh for the rest of the evening. END

. . . Roberts popped the cork in Belgium.

He's a Thon in their sides

Slick Astro Shortstop Dickie Thon has become e prickly man at the plete

by Jim Kaplan

Until recently, baseball fans thought a Dickie Thon was a marathon for people named Dickie Then Thon, who's actually a Houston Astro, became such a force as a major-leaguer that Cincinnati Pitcher Rich Gale was moved to describe him as "the best all-around shortstop in the National League."

At the end of last week Thon hadn't gone more than 11 at bats without a hit all year, had stolen 21 bases and was among the league leaders in average (.310), hits (120), runs (54) slugging percentage (.480) and game-winning RBIs (10). Furthermore, he was a major reason why Houston had won 13 of its last 18 games to take possession of third place in the National League West.

"He ought to be a leadoff hitter," says the Mets' Rusty Staub, "but he's filled the three hole well for them." He certainly has. The most impressive aspect of Thon's performance this season has been his productivity. In 496 at bats last year Thon had only three home runs and 36 RBIs. But in 387 at bats through the end of last week he had hit 13 homers and driven in 54 runs. Thon has gotten only one homer in the spacious Astrodome, but two each in single games in San Diego, Atlanta and New York. At 5' 11" and 170 pounds, Thon gets most of his power from a short, wristy swing. "I try to be quick," he says.

Thon is hitting .310 with 13 home runs.

He's equally adept at shortstop, where he has exceptional range and is overcoming a tendency to rush his throws. No wonder Cardinal and National League All-Star Manager Whitey Herzog was quoted as saying that Thon, not his own Ozzie Smith, should have been voted the league's starting All-Star shortstop. Batting for Smith in the fifth inning, Thon contributed a single to a run-scoring rally and made a couple of nice plays in the field.

Thon, 25, displaced Craig Reynolds as the Astro shortstop midway through last season and went on to hit .276, steal 37 bases, field .975 and average 4.97 chances per game. The 1982 All-Star shortstop, Cincy's Dave Concepcion, batted .287, stole 13 bases, fielded .977 and averaged 5.09 chances. "Once Dickie was given the chance to start, he had the security to relax and play well," says Pittsburgh Shortstop Dale Berra.

"I first saw Dickie Thon in A ball in 1977," says Smith, indisputably the best-fielding shortstop in baseball. "I could tell he'd be a fine addition to any club. The first thing I look for in a shortstop is soft hands. The next thing is quick feet. Then you go to the arm. He had all those qualities." Houston Manager Bob Lillis, who's known for understatement, calls Thon "a pretty complete player." Adds Astro Second Baseman Bill Doran, "I always know I'm going to get a good throw from him on the double play, and it'll be accurate and have something on it—a rare combination."

Thon is a pretty rare package himself. For one thing, he was born in South Bend, but didn't speak fluent English until he was old enough to vote. His father, Fred Thon Jr., was getting his B.S. from Notre Dame when Dickie was born. Soon afterward the family returned to its home in Puerto Rico, and Fred went to work for an oil company. Dickie continues to live in Rio Piedras and counts two other major league shortstops, Jose Oquendo of the Mets and Ivan Dejesus of the Phillies, among his neighbors.

Dickie may be the most talented member of a distinguished line of ballplayers. His grandfather, Fred Thon Sr., 66, a retired businessman and engineer, played winter-league ball with the likes of Satchel Paige and Monte Irvin. An island legend as a pitcher and outfielder—he sometimes played both on the same day—Fred later managed the Bayamón winter-league team.

Dickie's father, a former semipro player, was his first coach. "At first Dickie didn't think about a career in baseball because he was so good at other sports," says Fred Thon Jr., 46, who now lives in Enfield, Conn. and is African and South American sales manager for a specialty paper company. "He was an excellent sprinter, volleyball player and basketball guard. He was the type of kid who walked around and dressed like an adult, and when he was young, his technical knowledge of baseball was as good as that of any college player."

After his senior year in high school, Thon played shortstop for Puerto Rico's Puerto Nuevo team, which finished third in the 1976 American Legion world championships. He was immediately besieged by scouts. "I was ready to play for anything," he says, "but when the Brewers and Pirates offered me bonuses of only $5,000, my father made me hold out

continued

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for more." Later that year he signed with California for $20,000.

The minor leagues are often a hellish experience for Hispanic players, who suffer from culture shock, language difficulties and homesickness. Thon had it easier than most. "I had a couple of friends, Juan Carrero and Nelson Rodriguez, who had been in the minors," he says. "In the winter we'd go to the beaches and run and work out. It was like a little spring training before the real one. And they told me about conditions in the minors, so I had no visions of nice hotels."

Once in the minors, Thon advanced so quickly that not even his wife, Maria, could keep up with him. The day she arrived at Class-A Salinas in 1977, he was promoted to Triple-A Salt Lake City. And in the summer of 1979, three days after she'd joined him at Salt Lake, he was summoned to the Angels. He was 19 at the time.

After making the Angels, however, his progress stopped. "They had me on the bench most of the time, and when they did use me, it was often at second," he says. "I think they gave up on my arm."

On April 1, 1981 he was traded to the Astros for Pitcher Ken Forsch. "Dickie was the one I wanted, nobody else," says President Al Rosen. In Thon's first season with Houston he was again used as a sub, but he began the 1982 season as a starter when Reynolds came down with dizzy spells, and he eventually won out in head-to-head competition.

People close to Thon say his personality has as much to do with his success as his skills. "He sacrifices everything, practicing and practicing," says Maria.

"He was always a very stable kid," says Fred Sr.. "and that comes from his father." Not to mention his grandfather. On the road Thon is a TV-watcher and a newspaper-reader; at home he plays the doting father to daughters Soleil Maria, 4, and Vanessa Cristina, nine months.

Thon has been playing on one-year contracts while establishing his market value. Rosen sounded overblown in spring training when he boasted that Thon was the best two-way shortstop in the league. Now the boast sounds prophetic—and potentially expensive. "When you're quick and fast," says Staub, "when you can play shortstop and produce runs like Dickie, you're really going to be in demand." In other words, contract negotiations could soon be a marathon for a person named Dickie.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

Yankee Reliever Rich Gossage "earned" the strangest save of his career last Sunday when, with New York leading 4–3, Kansas City's George Brett was called out after slugging a 1–0 Gossage pitch into Yankee Stadium's rightfield bleachers with two out in the ninth for an apparent two-run homer.

> *"I'm not going to agree with them, and I'm not going to deny it," said Cub Pitcher Mike Proly about accusations that he throws spitters. "I do have a tendency to go to my hat a lot. I guess they figure that's where it [an illegal lubricant] is. That's not where it is, though."*

After the Yankees protested the amount of pine tar on Brett's bat, Plate Umpire Tim McClelland agreed and made the call that disallowed the homer. Brett raged, but to no avail. McClelland's decision was based on rules that say pine tar can't cover more than the lower 18 inches of a bat and that a player is out if the ump believes his bat has been altered to affect the flight of the ball. Brett said he uses tar to improve his grip, because he doesn't wear a batting glove.

New York Coach Don Zimmer and Third Baseman Graig Nettles had noticed Brett's inordinate application of pine tar in Kansas City two weeks ago and told other Yankees about it for use at an opportune moment. But when Catcher Rick Cerone first picked up the bat Sunday, he mistakenly checked it for being loaded with cork. "I tossed the bat down, and then I remembered what I was supposed to be checking for," said Cerone, who grabbed it from the bat boy, noted the tar above the label and pointed it out to McClelland.

You would think the last thing a first-place manager would have to worry about is being fired, even with a disappointing 43–42 record. Or so Philadelphia's Pat Corrales thought. Corrales, who was almost canned six weeks earlier when the Phillies were in third place, had Philadelphia atop the National League East on July 18 when—*zap!*—he was replaced by Paul Owens, the Phils' general manager since 1972. Owens had made a similar switch in July of that year and went 33–47 after coming down to the dugout to replace Frank Lucchesi.

The man most responsible for Owens' move this time was Hugh Alexander, Philly's chief scout. Alexander had urged Owens to take over as manager on June 6, when the Phillies' first considered a change. Owens declined, partly because he felt his wife, Marcelle, wouldn't be pleased. Alexander settled that by urging Marcelle to give her O.K.

"The biggest job a manager has is to motivate players up to their capacities," said Phillie President Bill Giles after axing Corrales. Giles made up his mind to do so after several Phillies convinced him that Corrales hadn't responded to requests to establish better communications with his players and thereby motivate them more.

"I think he [Giles] panicked," said Corrales. "He's still green at this [Giles is in his second year as president]. One thing he has to learn is he can't get too close to players."

Owens said he had "some ideas that I think will straighten out some things. It's evident that there has been a lack of communication. Handling players today is not easy, and it isn't any secret that this is one of the toughest clubs to manage. But perhaps I can reach them."

Through last Sunday, Owens had earned mixed reviews. The Phillies were 2–5 under him but, while beating the Astros 10–3 and the Braves 10–6, displayed an offensive punch they had lacked almost all season. Owens has done some of the same lineup juggling that had caused rumblings during Corrales' regime. One of Owens' most difficult tasks will be to get more productivity out of Second Baseman Joe Morgan, who was hitting .187 at week's end. Unless Morgan perks up, the Phillies will bring up Juan Samu-

RARE BEEF

"I'm not going to be a company man anymore," says A's Outfielder Dwayne Murphy, who was talked into cutting down his swing in spring training in what proved to be an unsuccessful attempt to raise his average. "I've taken instruction and advice that made me uncomfortable at the plate. The only way I can feel right is to be aggressive and swing hard. I'm not listening to any more people who say I should shorten my swing."

continued

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BUILT FORD TOUGH

el, who was batting .347 in the Pacific Coast League. Meanwhile, Corrales sat back and awaited paychecks from the Phils, to whom he's under contract until the end of next season.

Angel Leftfielder Brian Downing's string of errorless games ended last Friday night against Detroit at an American League-record 244. That bettered the 1970-72 mark of Detroit's Al Kaline by two games but was 22 short of the major league standard belonging to Don Demeter (1962-65) when he played for Philadelphia and Detroit. Though Downing isn't as swift as Kaline or Demeter, he handled 469 chances before erring—94 more than Kaline and 20 more than Demeter in their streaks.

Between Sept. 2 and last Sunday, Detroit Reliever Aurelio Lopez had been in 45 games, pitched 96 innings, given up only 59 hits, walked 35, struck out 78, gotten 17 saves and had an 8–4 record and a 1.78 ERA. . . . Since moving up to second in the batting order on June 15, Carlton Fisk of the White Sox has batted .340, lifting his average from .196 to .274. . . . One of the most remarkable performances this year has been made by Ken Schrom of Minnesota. Schrom, 28, who was 30–35 in the minors the past seven seasons and who was released last August after a brief fling with the Blue Jays, has the only winning record (8–4) among Twins starters, and two of his victories have been against Toronto ace Dave Stieb. One reason for Schrom's turnaround, says Minnesota Catcher Ray Smith, is that he's now "throwing the breaking ball when he's behind on the count." . . . Since being called up from the minors on June 25, Mariner Shortstop Spike Owen has hit .276 and has fielded well. Now, about that nickname of his. It's not a nickname: it's his given name and was derived from his mother's maiden name of Spikes. . . . Since the start of the 1980 season, the Orioles' savvy lefthander, Scott McGregor, has won more games than any other American League pitcher—58. (Yankee lefty Ron Guidry has won 54.) "I've never had a good pitcher who wasn't intelligent," says Pitching Coach Ray Miller. "Scott makes pitching look easy."

Utility Infielder Jim Morrison and Outfielder Lee Lacy have been two of the key contributors during a 14–4 tear that lifted the Pirates from fifth place on July 8 to the top of the National League East last week. Morrison had hit in 18 of the 19 games he started (.394) through last Sunday and led the Bucs with an overall average of .360. And Lacy had batted .461 in his last 20 games.

"You can't be afraid to get jammed" is a common theory among batting coaches, and the Blue Jays' Buck Martinez, enjoying the best year of his career, is a convert to that point of view. Toronto Batting Coach Cito Gaston persuaded Martinez, who started 1983 with a .229 lifetime average, to move closer to the plate in the middle of last season. Martinez, the right-handed half of the Jays' catching platoon, finished with career highs in homers (10) and RBIs (37). Eight of the homers came in the second half of the season.

At the end of last week Martinez, who is 34, was hitting .293 with eight homers and 27 RBIs in only 133 at bats. His slugging average of .581 was 205 points above his previous career high. "Cito got me to be aggressive and not feel for the ball," Martinez says. "When you're up on top of the plate, you have to be aggressive. For the first time in my career I have total confidence in myself."

Reliever Bruce Sutter, who is going through his worst slump since joining the Cardinals in 1981, blew his third and fourth games of the month last week. But it hasn't fazed Manager Whitey Herzog, who said, "He's making a million dollars. If we give up on him, we might as well close the door. We're going to win it or lose it depending on how he pitches." . . . To prepare for the likely need of an experienced backup infielder before the season ends, the Cardinals signed Ken Reitz and sent him to AAA ball to get in shape. Reitz, 32, who played eight years in two stints with St. Louis before being traded to the Cubs in 1981, was cut last season by the Pirates and was whiling away his time playing as many as 11 softball games a week in the St. Louis area when the Cards called him. . . . Joaquin Andujar of St. Louis has won only two of his last 20 starts and leads both leagues in losses with 13. Now he'd like some divine intervention. "God is still my amigo," Andujar says, "but he must be someplace else. Maybe he's watching the American League. God knows my luck has to change." Then, with an upward glance, he adds, "I'm waiting."

The 11th, 12th and 13th Angels to go on the disabled list this season were Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, who has rib and back troubles, Outfielder Bobby Clark, who dived into the stands trying to glove a home run and came up with a gash in his forehead and a separated right shoulder, and Pitcher Byron McLaughlin, who strained a muscle in his right elbow . . . California's Rod Carew, who last week changed his mind and said he won't retire after this season, was in a 7-for-36 slump that dropped his average to .378—only four points better than that of Boston's Wade Boggs. END

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI survey of major-leaguers, these are the most hard-nosed players in baseball.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. George Brett, Royals
2. Steve Kemp, Yankees
3. Bobby Grich, Angels
4. Robin Yount, Brewers
5. John Castino, Twins

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Pete Rose, Phillies
2. Phil Garner, Astros
3. Gary Carter, Expos
4. Gary Matthews, Phillies
5. Dale Murphy, Braves

THE LONG GOOD-BYES

Cincinnati's Johnny Bench and Boston's Carl Yastrzemski have taken opposite postures about the fanfare surrounding their impending retirements. Bench has consented to brief ball park ceremonies in his honor as he makes his final visits as a player to National League cities. In Philadelphia, Bench was given diamond-studded cuff links, a commemorative scorecard and a seven-foot replica of the Veterans Stadium foul pole, off which he hit a homer against Steve Carlton in 1973. Yaz has declined all such festivities and presentations in the American League

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

PETE LADD *The Milwaukee righthander had a part in all six Brewer victories with two wins and four saves. In 6⅓ innings he yielded four hits and two earned runs, walked none and struck out four.*

by Dan Levin

This fellow really gets around town

Harald Johnson circled Manhattan the hard way, ahead of 27 others

"What can you catch in the East River?" goes the old comedy line. "A fish that comes out and says, 'You call that a hook?' "

The point is well taken—about all the rivers around Manhattan, in fact. They bathe a brash and varied city, where movers, movie stars and maniacs bid you hello in the deli. So it was fitting that when the Second Annual Manhattan Island Swimming Marathon began last Sunday, among the 28 starters was the first person to swim around Hong Kong Island, a 37-year-old Aussie named Linda McGill, who was swimming topless; Ashby Harper, who last year became the oldest person, at 65, to swim the English Channel; and a 34-year-old lawyer-turned-literary agent (*Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*) named Richard Marks, who was "sedentary" from 1967 to '80, then started swimming and crossed the 26-mile-wide Catalina Island Channel 18 months later.

And those weren't even the favorites. That group included Dave Horning, who won last year's race in 7:25.45, and who three weeks later got off his bike in the middle of Hawaii's Ironman Triathlon and ate a prearranged, 90-second-long catered lunch, complete with banana, water, silver, candelabra, linen tablecloth and a waiter in tails. Horning seems to operate on the theory that if he so much as brushes his teeth in the morning and there are no reporters or photographers to record the event, then he can't be said to have truly brushed his teeth. Since Hawaii, he had run the New York Marathon, in 2:54, completed six other triathlons, damaged his knee skiing and acquired acute tendinitis in his left shoulder. He wasn't in the best of shape, but then he never is. Horning would be tough to beat.

One man who would try was Harald Johnson of Santa Monica, Calif., the 35-year-old co-founder and art director of *Swim Swim* and *Triathlon Magazine*. He may have had the most dramatic story of all. Johnson hadn't been in New York City since 1953. He was five then and dressed in lederhosen. His family, immigrants from Germany, had steamed into New York Harbor on board the S.S. *Neptunia*. On July 8, Johnson's birthday, his mother sent him some pictures from that occasion. There was one of the Statue of Liberty. "Do you remember this?" she wrote.

"I'd never forgotten," he said before the swim. "That's why I'm here."

One week before the Manhattan race, Johnson outswam Horning and Luca Del Borgo—more on him presently—by 1½

The tide turned against Johnson at the Battery, but he got to sip a winner's cup.

minutes, to win a 1½-mile ocean swim off Long Island. Now, at race time, he had shaved down his body, a technique used by pool racers to trim a few milliseconds from their times. Johnson was serious. He would be tough, too.

Two days before the swim, Horning and Johnson sat eating pasta and discussing the local favorite, Del Borgo, a 20-year-old Manhattan lifeguard and freelance photographer's assistant. Johnson said, "I guarantee the winner won't be less than 30." Horning, 35 on July 27, replied, "He'll be 35 a few days after the race."

"Luca hasn't had the life experience," said Horning.

"He hasn't been through a divorce," said Johnson, who has. "You have to have one of those to win this race."

Del Borgo's best time for the 1,650, one measure of distance potential, was better than Horning's or Johnson's, but he lacked their wise-guy bluster and confidence. "I'm nervous," Del Borgo said. "People tell me I'm fast. But I've never seen some of these swimmers, so I can't compare myself."

The race began off East 96th Street at 10:30 a.m., with Del Borgo and Horning trading early leads. "It's a strange race," said Johnson's handler, Jim Curl, on the launch *Full Moon*. "You swim around the island to the Battery, you catch the tide right and then you sprint up the East River to the finish. But get to the Battery too soon, and you get cold and tired treading water."

All the swimmers were mindful of that. But only a few were fast enough to make it a real danger. Johnson was one of those. His stroke rate averaged a low 56 per minute, but still he was going too fast. He was swimming neck and neck with Horning, whose rate was 66.

At the George Washington Bridge, the span that crosses the Hudson River 10 miles into the race, Horning turned to Johnson and asked, "Did you ever swim here before?" "No," came the reply. "Nice, huh?" Horning said.

"He likes to break your concentration," Curl had warned, and now Curl caught Johnson's eye and pointed to the left. Johnson spun away, and a half hour later he was out front and alone.

Earlier, Johnson had warned Curl, "At some point during the swim I'll become completely disoriented because of low blood sugar." With that in mind, he had borrowed a bright red umbrella, which he opened and tied to *Full Moon's* transom. "I'll be able to focus on that," Johnson said.

Curl was very careful to keep the umbrella in Johnson's line of vision, but there were times when he needn't have been so careful. One came at 3:09 p.m., after Johnson had been swimming for four hours and 39 minutes. Horning had dropped out at West 79th Street with a flare-up of his tendinitis, and Del Borgo was nine minutes back, troubled with leg cramps and not long for the race, either. Johnson's only competition now seemed to be from Marks and from a Brooklyn actor named Jim O'Malley. But they were far upstream. Curl told him, "You've got a chance to break the record."

Johnson said, "All right! I feel great!" And off he went. He paused briefly to gaze at the Statue of Liberty, and he thought, as he said later, "My God, how long it's been." Then he stroked around the Battery at the southern tip of Manhattan. Suddenly he was going nowhere.

Someone had miscalculated the tides there, and Johnson made little headway for nearly an hour. Meanwhile, Marks and O'Malley swept down the Hudson toward Johnson; by the time the tide had turned and Johnson had reached the Brooklyn Bridge over the East River at 4:22, his lead had been cut to 75 yards. Johnson dug harder. At 5:25, a friend, Dan Honig, called to him, "You've got 200 yards on them now."

"Write it on the board," Johnson said, and Honig wrote out the message on a white board. "He's exhausted," Honig said. "He can't think well, but he can see. The umbrella is important now."

By the East 70s the tide was moving with the swimmers at five knots, and there was only a mile to go. O'Malley had faded, and Marks was churning away at 71 strokes per minute. But Marks had "run out of river," as he said later.

Johnson sprinted to victory, in 8:15:45; Marks came in 3:59 later; and 24-year-old Julie Billingsley, a graduate student from Washington, D.C., won the women's competition in 8:33:39. McGill finished last among the women.

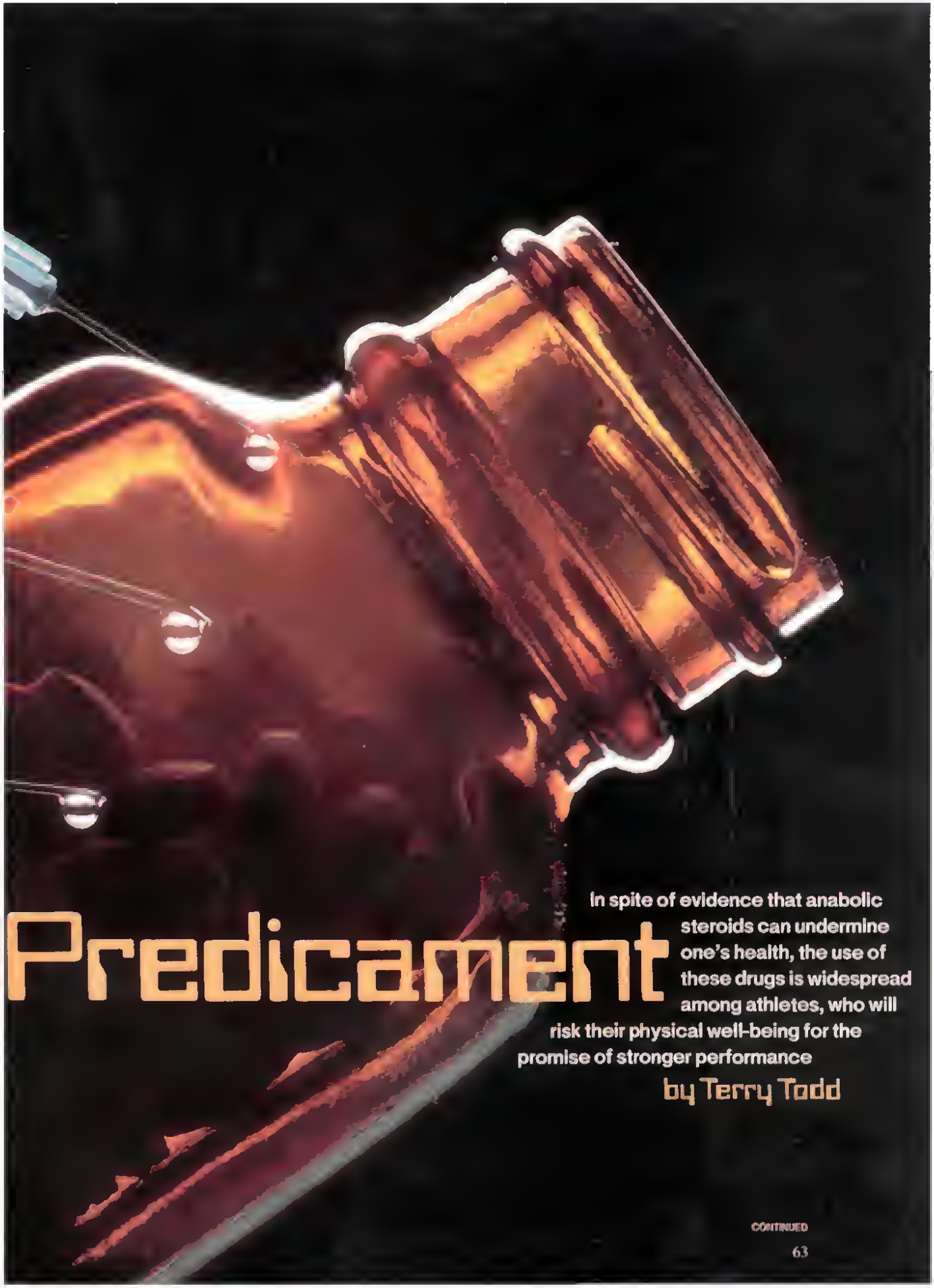
Marks said of Johnson, "There were some really fast swimmers in this race. We needed strength of mind and character, and Harald has both of those."

"What now?" someone asked.

"I want to get some Haagen-Daz chocolate ice cream," the winner said. END

Billingsley was first among the women, but a topless Aussie was a bust, coming in last.

The Steroid



Predicament

In spite of evidence that anabolic steroids can undermine one's health, the use of these drugs is widespread among athletes, who will risk their physical well-being for the promise of stronger performance

by Terry Todd

CONTINUED

MEPHISTOPHELES
Then with stretched arm swing high the key thou'rt holding!
FAUST (inspired):
Good! grasping firmly, fresher strength I win: My breast expands, let the great work begin!

—GOETHE
Faust Part II

What follows are my best recollections of how I felt about anabolic steroids as an aspiring athlete, what I have learned about steroids in the past 20 years and how my feelings have changed over that time. I make no claim of objectivity, having had a front-row seat. I've watched what was at first a "secret" drug known only to a handful of elite weightlifters become a phenomenon so widespread that a majority of recent Olympic athletes, male and female, in track and field and the strength sports, are believed to have used some form of steroid; a phenomenon so widespread that pro football players have told me that as many as 50% of the active NFL linemen and linebackers have used steroids with the intent of improving their performance; a phenomenon so widespread that reports surface from time to time of teen-agers being advised by their high school, or even junior high school, coaches to take steroids.

The term anabolic steroid refers to various synthetic derivatives of the male hormone testosterone that have been developed through the years by the pharmaceutical industry to stimulate a building-up, or anabolic, process in the body. This involves the synthesis of protein for muscle growth and tissue repair. Normally, one way the body is helped in meeting its anabolic requirements is through the effects of the naturally occurring testosterone, which is produced primarily in the testes. Testosterone has both anabolic effects and masculinizing, or androgenic, effects. The androgenic effects—aggressiveness, facial hair, deepened voice, body fat reduction, increased libido, etc.—were significantly reduced several decades ago by biochemists who manipulated the molecular structure of testosterone to increase certain of its properties and decrease others. There was a medical need in the treatment of debilitating illnesses or severe accidents, which involve the breakdown of body protein, for a substance with a high anabolic-low androgenic effect, and Ciba Pharmaceutical Company responded in the late 1950s with an anabolic steroid called methandrostenolone. Trade name: Dianabol.

I first heard of Dianabol in 1962 from some weightlifter friends who had gone

York lifters, backed by Hoffman, here on his 80th birthday, were among the first to use steroids.

Readily available drugs—none are controlled substances—include testosterone, anabolic steroids such as Durabolin, Winstrol and Anavar, and Pregnyl, a hormone favored by bodybuilders.

from Austin, Texas to York, Pa. to learn from the lifting champions of the York Barbell Club the best way to use the newest rage in strength-building techniques, isometric contraction, which consisted of straining against an immovable object.

What had been puzzling my training partners and me was that we'd been unable to make much progress at home, though isometric contraction was being heavily publicized as a real strength training breakthrough by the York Barbell Company's magazine, *Strength and Health*. It wasn't that any of us lacked the capacity for hard work or faith in the new system. Our faith arose from our observation over the previous year or so of the startling advances in power and musculature made by a veteran lifter from our area who, after years of having been good, but hardly great, had switched to isometric contraction.

The lifter was in his mid-30s, and it was an especially bitter blow to our young manhood—most of us were in our early 20s at the time—to have his progress so far outstrip our own. Isometric contraction was reminiscent of the old Charles Atlas system of Dynamic Tension, but however much fun we had yukking it up about 97-pound weaklings having sand kicked in their faces, we were willing to try any program that could apparently produce the gains in size and strength that we coveted. We thought we understood the new system, but though we huffed and puffed and even ruptured an occasional capillary, we failed to make much progress. Meanwhile, our 35-year-old friend continued making remarkable advances.

Bob Hoffman, the York Barbell Company's president, had published an article on isometric contraction in November 1961. He subtitled it "The Most Important Article I Ever Wrote," and it began, "I am about to tell you about the greatest system of physical training, the greatest system of strength and muscle building the world has ever seen."

The article continued in that vein and outlined the theoretical principles, originally formulated by Theodor Hettinger and Erich Müller of Germany in 1953, of isometric contraction. It also recommended the regimen we were already using. Why, then, had we failed to make the promised gains? This was the question my friends took to York in 1962.

Upon their return I questioned them at length about isometric contraction, but the answers didn't satisfy me. Apparently the guys in York were training more or less as we were, and though I found the news depressing, my friends plunged back into their exercises with increased enthusiasm and with a growing tendency to look at one another in a knowing way during workouts and laugh out loud. Finally they showed me a small brown bottle that contained 100 five-milligram tablets of Dianabol. "This is the secret," they told me. "It's these little pink pills, not the isometric contraction." And so it was.

To learn how the York lifters and Hoffman got wind of isometric contraction—and anabolic steroids—we need to turn our attention to an unusual physician from rural Maryland, John B. Ziegler. Now retired and weakened by a variety of heart ailments, Ziegler was a big, robust man in the 1950s, full of good cheer and ideas about how to get strong.

Dr. Kerr is a proponent of steroid use, when it's done with medical supervision of the sort he's providing here

continued

He knew the people at York, and in 1954 was the team physician for the U.S. weightlifters at the world championships in Vienna. "That was an important trip for me," he says. "I got to be friends with the Russian team doctor, and one night we went out on the town. We had a few drinks, and he told me some members of his team were using testosterone."

Champion powerlifter Pacifico, a steroid user, almost died from atherosclerosis when he was only 35

Back home, Ziegler learned from the medical literature that testosterone was first isolated in 1935 and that since then contraindications had accumulated as more and more animal and human studies were done. Though thus informed of some of the dangers inherent in the use of testosterone, Ziegler nonetheless decided to have a peek into Pandora's box. Conducting very limited case studies on several people, including himself, he found that although strength levels increased, so did the size of the prostate gland.

"Everyone got more 'studdy,'" he says. "The side effects were strong. Finally, in the late '50s, we got Dianabol, and it was about then that I read of the work that had been done in Germany on isometric contraction. It was in 1960 that I decided to try the steroids and the isometric contractions on a few of the top U.S. lifters, but I wish to God now I'd never done it. I'd like to go back and take that whole chapter out of my life."

"Steroids were such a big secret at first, and that added to the hunger the lifters and football players had to get hold of them. I honestly believe that if I'd told people back then that rat manure would make them strong, they'd have eaten rat manure. What I failed to realize until it was too late was that most of the lifters had such obsessive personalities. To them, if two tablets were good, four would be better."

The 35-year-old lifter who had been the first in my circle of acquaintances to use steroids recalls how he was introduced to them. "I first met Ziegler at the training camp for the Rome Olympics in 1960," he says, "and later that fall he invited me to come to his house in Maryland for a weekend. We spent several days talking about his ideas on isometric contraction and how they could be used to build strength in the Olympic lifts. He told me that two York lifters were already using a form of this training. He was such a great salesman that by the time the weekend was over I was ready to try it. He never said a thing about steroids then, but a week or so after I got home I got a letter from him and a bottle of pills. He told me they would help make sure I got the full nutritional value out of the food I ate. I was naive, I guess, but I'd never heard of Dianabol or steroids. I never questioned him, and from time to time I'd get a fresh supply. I was making great gains, and I thought the routine was doing it. In retrospect, though, I'm sure a lot of it was the pills."

In a number of predictable ways, the news of steroids spread. The combination of a radically different exercise routine, the startling progress being made by a small number of elite lifters, a wizardly physician and an evangelical promoter with access to a national fitness magazine produced a climate of rising expectations in which men of might began a big arms race, fueled by an ever expanding array of pharmaceuticals. This isn't to say that any one of these four components was individually responsible for the increased use of drugs in sport—only that these components happened to exist at the same time and to interact in such a way as to produce the critical mass necessary for the strength-building drug scene to explode. Ziegler and Hoffman are no longer really active in the game, the pacesetting lifters have all long since retired, and isometric contraction has acquired a patina similar to that of the bunny hop and the Hula-Hoop, yet the many and various ergogenic kin of Dianabol are thriving as never before.

In the last two decades steroid use has spread so far that it now causes only mild surprise when the athlete found guilty of having taken such drugs turns out to be a female middle-distance runner rather than a 300-pound male weightlifter. A number of cyclists in the just completed Tour de France tested positive for steroids and were assessed time penalties. Among them was 1980 Tour winner Joop Zoetemelk of The Netherlands, whose penalty for use of the drug barred any hope of victory this time. But in the halcyon days

continued

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of the early '60s, there were no women and only a few men who took steroids. And I was among them. *Mea gulpa.* My training partners, of course, were already taking them, and they urged me to begin immediately. But I was leery. Before I indulged, I at least saw an internist and took what precautions I knew to take. As I wrote in 1977, "I wanted to win, all right, and I wanted to win bad, but I wasn't stone crazy."

Just stone blind, at least to the extent of being unable to connect such terms as "enlarged prostate" and "liver toxicity"—phrases I encountered in the medical literature on steroids—to my own life. One thing often overlooked in discussions of the importance of educating young athletes about the potentially harmful side effects of steroids is that most young athletes, because of the effect their age and vigor have on their judgment, are almost constitutionally unable to hear such warnings. Reading *Thanatopsis* at 15 is, after all, an altogether different thing from reading it at 50.

So I took Dianabol intermittently from 1963 through early 1967, at which time I retired from competition. My best guess is that during that period I took approximately 1,200 pills, which would be 6,000 milligrams. When I tell young athletes these days of my dosage levels they look at me as if I were describing how margarine used to look during the Second World War, before the yellow coloring was added. Exactly how high the levels have gone is a matter of conjecture, but I have both testimony and published reports indicating that on occasion athletes have taken in less than two weeks the 6,000 milligrams that I, weighing more than 300 pounds, took in four years.

Looking back, I feel fortunate to have taken so few. Had the recommended dose been 10 times greater, I might well have taken it. In 1967 a doctor polled more than a hundred runners, asking them if they would take a certain drug knowing that, although it could make them Olympic champions, it could kill them in a year. More than half of the athletes responded affirmatively. *O tempora, O mores, oh hell.*

All of which is a way of saying that the various medical and sporting bodies concerned with athletics shouldn't be overly optimistic about the prospects of influencing the behavior of athletes by con-

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stantly stressing the capacity steroids have to produce unpleasant side effects.

As for the seriousness of the side effects, assessments of that depend to a large extent on your source. Some of the evidence is anecdotal, some is based on research data—although no research is available on subjects taking megadoses. Even so, the stance of such groups as the American College of Sports Medicine and the International Olympic Committee is, as one would imagine, research-based; their literature inveighs against the use of steroids and contains listings of potential deleterious side effects such as liver damage, decrease in testicular size and diminished sperm production. The ACSM adds, "Although these effects appear to be reversible when small doses of steroids are used for short periods of time, the reversibility of the effects of large doses over extended periods of time is unclear."

This statement, issued in 1977, is soon to be rewritten, and one of the men involved in doing research for the rewrite observes that most authorities in the field now feel that an ACSM claim made in 1977, that steroids did little, if anything, to enhance athletic ability, needs to be updated. The revised statement should take note of a flood of unofficial evidence and make some acknowledgment of what thousands of athletes have proved to their own satisfaction, which is that steroids, combined with proper training and nutrition, are able to produce athletic benefits, at least in the short run. What will also probably be changed is the section on risks, which will be expanded.

A sports scientist who has discussed the risks involved in steroid use is Capt. James Wright, Ph.D., a specialist in exercise physiology for the U.S. Army. In his recent book *Anabolic Steroids and Sports, Volume II*, he observes, "... continually accumulating clinical and laboratory data indicate that dose and duration of use of oral anabolic and contraceptive steroids are the predominant factors influencing the development of hepatic lesions." He also notes that oral steroids have been increasingly implicated in the development of liver tumors, and continues: "Conceivably, the use of anabolic hormones may lead to atherosclerosis, hypertension, and disorders of blood clotting—the three major causes of heart attacks and strokes. The biochemical and physiological events and reac-

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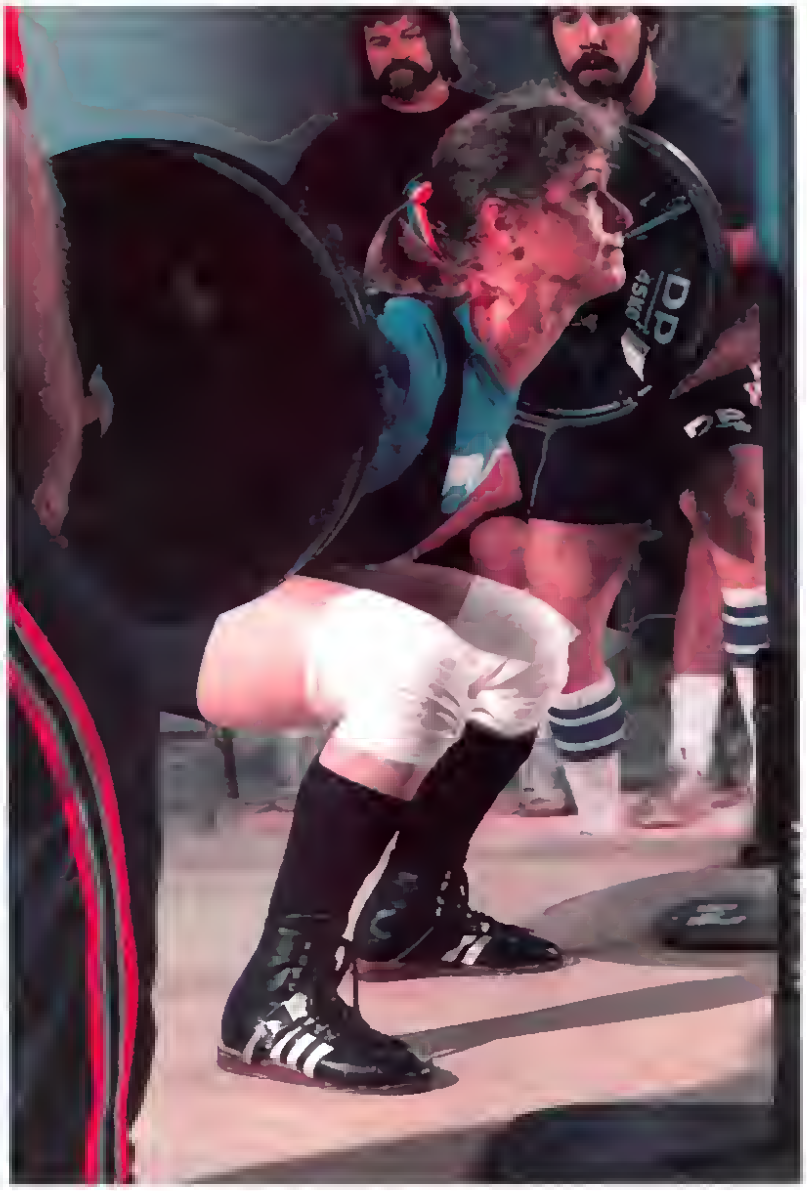
tions which can ultimately lead to these effects have been observed in humans administered the drugs under clinical conditions as well as produced experimentally in various laboratory animals."

Thus it seems clear that athletes who use steroids are playing a risky form of roulette. The critical fact is that small doses taken for short periods is *not* the way most athletes are taking steroids. Because their effects are temporary, steroids must be in the system to be of benefit. once they are out of the system much of the strength they originally produced is lost. Here lies the problem. Athletes who make gains using steroids and hard training hate the idea of losing some of those gains, no matter how hard they may train, once they go off steroids. An additional difficulty, according to Wright and others, is that athletes tend to take ever larger dosages over longer periods of time. Thus the apparent increasing need of the body *for* steroids and the growing psychological dependence *on* steroids join hands to encircle the ambitious athlete.

One former athlete who understands this cycle is Dr. Craig Whitehead, a leading bodybuilder in the mid-1960s, who used steroids while competing. An ophthalmologist who now practices acupuncture in San Francisco, Whitehead for several years directed the drug rehabilitation unit of the Haight-Ashbury clinic. He is still involved in that field, and recently he said, "The dependence on steroids many people develop is classic. It's similar to that developed by people on so-called recreational drugs."

Another person who understands this problem with special poignancy is Larry Pacifico (SI, Aug. 6, 1979). Generally considered to have been powerlifting's premier performer, with a record nine consecutive world titles between 1971 and 1979, Pacifico barely escaped death 20 months ago from advanced atherosclerosis. He was 35 years old.

"One day in the fall of 1981 I was in the recovery room of a hospital following elbow surgery, and I had this terrible squeezing in my chest," he says. "The next morning they catheterized my arteries, and I learned that two arteries were approximately 70 percent blocked and one was almost completely closed—99.9 percent. I was immediately scheduled for a triple bypass, but they decided to try an angioplasty. It worked, but the whole experience has changed my life. I'm convinced my steroid use contributed to my coronary artery disease. I'm certain of it, and so is my doctor. I should have realized it was happening, because every time I went on a cycle of heavy steroid use I'd develop high blood pressure and my pulse rate would increase. Steroids aren't a part of my life now, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't miss them. And you know what? I may even take them again because I may not be able to *keep* myself from taking them."



To build her strength, Jan Todd deliberately gained weight rather than risk the effects of drugs.

Lest the last part of Pacifico's statement seem an isolated exaggeration, consider the fact that in the late '70s a high-ranking official of the U.S. Powerlifting Federation had a coronary bypass done, the need for which he blames at least in part on his use of steroids, yet he still took steroids for a later competition. Perhaps one of the ways this sort of mind-set can be explained is to examine the powerful effect that steroids—particularly testosterone—have on the central nervous system. Some researchers believe that even the anabolic steroids primarily work their magic not through the muscles themselves but through the central nervous system, by making the athlete feel energetic and aggressive, which leads to heavier and more intense training, which leads to improved performance. Whatever the truth of the preceding may be, there's no question that pure testosterone, particularly when used in large amounts, can have a pronounced effect on behavior.

The effect of hormones on personality

is amply demonstrated by animal studies and electroencephalographic research carried out on humans. According to the limited testing done on human subjects, people given extra male hormones react in many of the same ways as people given amphetamines. Along with increased alertness, reduction in feelings of fatigue and mood elevation, however, go frequent and often extreme mood swings, such as those exhibited by some women with premenstrual syndrome. And it must be remembered that such psychophysiological changes have been produced by relatively small amounts of extra hormones.

Even though testosterone has been in use intermittently for almost 50 years, it only began to be taken with much regularity in the U.S. in 1977, when a few strength athletes in the amateur sports associated with the Olympic Games hit upon testosterone because, as a naturally occurring substance, it wasn't on the list of banned drugs, allowing athletes to beat the drug-testing procedures for anabolic steroids first used in 1976 at the Montreal Games. As these athletes experimented with testosterone they found that not only did it help to maintain their strength gains, it also made them feel tough as nails, confident and, as Dr. Ziegler says, "studdy." News spread fast, and soon other athletes in many sports were using testosterone. And it, of course, was using them.

One of the ways the old no-free-lunch lesson was learned by athletes who began to use testosterone was that as a group they began to suffer a great many more muscle and tendon injuries. Before its widespread use such injuries were rare among strength athletes, whereas now they are alarmingly frequent. Among lifters the two areas that tend to rupture are the biceps tendon and the quadriceps, the muscle on the front of the thigh. Since the widespread use of testosterone began, scores of men have either had the unpleasant experience of watching their biceps muscle roll up their arm like a windowshade after the tendon, at the point of its insertion into the bone of the forearm, gave way, or of collapsing to the platform after one or both of their quadriceps or patellar tendons ruptured. But although the increase in these injuries is not a matter of dispute, the reason, or reasons, for that increase aren't completely understood.

Some weight men argue that the injuries can all be attributed to the heavier poundages being lifted now. Others contend that because of the increased testosterone level something biochemical must happen to the muscle or tendon that makes it more brittle and likely to tear. Still others, and I lean toward their view, suggest that it can be explained by the aggressiveness produced by the testosterone, aggressiveness that causes the lifters to train hard when they should take it easy. This argument holds that the body normally tells an athlete when to back off, but the testosterone imperative to train hard and dominate the weights overrides these messages, with the result being injury.

Nor have the difficulties apparently stemming from the use of testosterone been only physical. The following matched pair of interviews were done at separate times, and the second interviewee hadn't seen the other's remarks. The subjects were at one time husband and wife. The man is nearing the end of a long career in football.

Wife: He's so impatient when he's on the steroids, so easily annoyed. He becomes vocal and hostile real fast, and he was never that way before.

Husband: It definitely makes a person mean and aggressive. And I was always so easygoing. On the field I've tried to hurt people in ways I never did before, especially if someone cheap-shots me. When they do I go for a death blow.

Wife: His sexual habits really changed. On the testosterone he not only wanted to have sex more often, he also was much rougher. And his sleep patterns were completely different on the testosterone. The Dianabol changed him some, but on the testosterone he was always ready to start the day by five-thirty or six, no matter how late he'd turned in. In the old days he'd sleep till noon.

Husband: One of the bad things about the testosterone is that you never get much sleep. It just drives you so. With amphetamines the effect wears off after a game, but with testosterone it's almost as if you're on speed all the time.

Wife: I don't think he'll ever be able to give it up. It cost him a wife who loved him and the chance to watch his two children grow up. There've been times when I felt he was almost suicidal. Sometimes, late at night, he'd tell me that he just couldn't help himself and that he couldn't stop using it because of the football, and then he'd cry.

Husband: I doubt if the NFL will ever try to stop it. The rule against it is just ignored now. But I've always told the doctors I was on testosterone, and nobody paid any attention.

Wife: The physical changes have been phenomenal. His skin has aged so fast, especially in the face—it's so much coarser now. And he lost his hair on top, right when he went on the steroids real heavy. But where in the past he didn't have much hair on his body, now his chest and back are covered, and the color of his

continued

Wright's work shows steroids may cause liver damage.

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genitals got darker. It was incredible.

Husband: A lot of guys can't handle it. I'm not sure I can. I remember a while back five of the guys on our team went on the juice at the same time. A year later four of them were divorced and one was separated. I've lost a lot of hair from using it, but I have to admit it's great for football. People in the game know that 50 percent of football is mental, and that's why the testosterone helps you so much. I lost my family, but I think I'm a better player now. Isn't that a hell of a trade-off? But the use of steroids in the NFL has grown steadily since I've been playing. I hear more and more talk about them.

Without adequate research conducted on subjects taking megadoses, it's impossible to clearly understand the potential steroids have for good or ill. One of the most extreme suggestions for cutting through the difficulties was put forth last fall in a speech by Arthur Jones, the founder, president and chief publicist of Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries Inc. At a strength-coaching conference at the University of Virginia, he announced the following grandiose plan:

"Next week I'm going south of the border to institute a 10-year study using thousands of subjects. Why south of the border? Because we can get the subjects at a price we can afford, and we can get subjects who are motivated, who will train. When you take starving subjects you can motivate them, believe me. We're going to take about 1,000 subjects and give them massive doses of steroids, and we're going to take another 1,000 and give 'em no steroids. You can't do that in this country. But you can do it down there. When they sign up for this program they'll be told in advance, 'Look, what we give you may be a drug, or it may not be. Even if it is, you won't know it. The drugs might be dangerous, and they might ruin your liver. Now if you don't want to sign up, there's the door, leave.' "

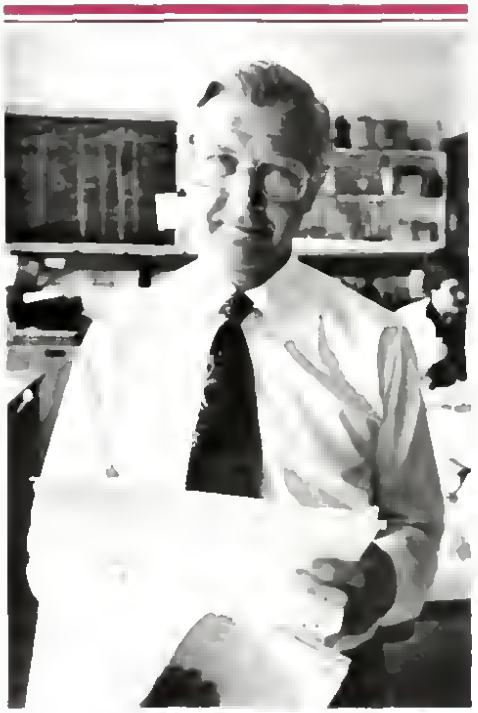
To date most of the money for research on steroids and athletics has been spent by the various bodies governing international amateur sports, particularly the IOC, in an attempt to develop testing procedures that would cut down on the taking of the drug before an event. The original tests, which could detect the presence of anabolic steroids in urine for a short time after they entered the body, were developed at Chelsea College and St. Thomas's Hospital, which are part of the University of London, by Professor Raymond Brooks and Dr. Arnold Beckett, among others. Essentially, the procedure involves a first screening of urine samples by means of radioimmunoassay. If the results of this indicate that an anabolic substance has been used, further tests using gas chromatography and mass spectrometry will reveal the type and the amount of the banned substances involved.

The procedure was first used in 1976 at Montreal, and six positive tests turned up. The offending athletes were disqualified. Over the next several years a number of other athletes came up positive, with perhaps the most celebrated case involving seven women, including three of the world's leading middle-distance runners, who were caught at European meets in 1979.

One reason more athletes weren't caught between 1976 and 1980 is that only a few sports pursued the tests with much vigor, and those few only at major competitions. (There are only six IOC-approved testing labs in the world, and the cost of testing is almost prohibitive.) Another factor curtailing the number of positive results is that when an announcement is made that a European track and field meet will have testing, assorted ailments break out among those who had planned to compete. And because rumor has it that a few of the athletes caught had been off steroids of all sorts for as long as three months, conservatism prevails.

But the factor that most fully explains the lack of more frequent positive test results in high-level sport is the "testosterone loophole." Before a major competition an athlete will stop taking the usual anabolic steroids while increasing his or her intake of testosterone. Because testosterone has both anabolic and androgenic effects, this allows the athlete to survive the testing with little, if any, loss of power. The loophole explains the otherwise puzzling fact that there was not even one positive test result for steroids at the Moscow Olympics. Unofficial urinalyses done by members of the IOC medical commission revealed, however, that 20% of the athletes, male and female, were probably using testosterone.

But now, partly because of those urinalyses, the testosterone loophole has been closed by the IOC. This comes as a relief to sports officials because the loophole resulted in two things, both of them bad. First, it made steroid testing, as previously administered, a joke. Second, the loophole implicitly encouraged athletes to switch from the anabolic steroids, considered to be comparatively benign, to testosterone, with all its capacity to virilize and increase aggression.



Brooks helped devise the first reliable test for steroids

The first steps in closing the testosterone loophole were officially taken in early 1982 at the meeting of the medical commission of the IOC. Procedures to differentiate between endogenous, or naturally occurring, and exogenous testosterone, and to establish limits of the former at a level that would prevent false positive test results had by then been developed. Thus the medical commission formally added testosterone to its long

list of banned substances. By doing this, the commission removed one of the primary excuses used by various sporting federations, particularly in the U.S., to explain their reluctance to implement testing procedures at their major competitions. But although the IOC has mandated testing for testosterone at the next Olympics, the LAOOC is trying to reverse that decision for reasons that seem more political than scientific.

The Olympic Games are not the only place where the use of male hormones is a problem. Consider if you will the statement of a young man who was a scholarship athlete a few years ago at a state college in the eastern part of the U.S. "When we went to the dining hall we were given a paper cup with a bunch of pills in it," he said recently. "Most were vitamin pills of one sort or another, but there were 30 milligrams of anabolic steroids in there, too. And they chewed our butts if we didn't take everthing. Still, that was mild compared to what I saw back home in New Jersey recently. I was at a local gym and this little black kid comes up to me with a bottle of pills in his hand and asks me what they are. They were Dianabol tablets, and when I asked him where he'd gotten them, he said his football coach had told him to go to the doctor and get some pills and take them. We all knew about that doctor; you could go to his office and without giving your age or taking any kind of a test, you could get a prescription for steroids. All you needed was the money. But at 14 years old?"

The standard justification of physicians like Robert Kerr of San Gabriel, Calif., who boasts of having more than 10,000 "patients" currently on steroids, is that since the people will use them anyway, prescriptions are safer. The same rationalization, of course, could be used for the prescribing of LSD and heroin.

But even without coaches or willing doctors, athletes can get steroids. The biggest sources are, in fact, not physicians but black-market dealers who sell the drugs illegally. Dr. Wright estimates that between 70% and 80% of the steroids taken in the U.S. are used not to heal the sick—the job they were intended to perform—but to strengthen the strong, and that of that 70% to 80%, between 80% and 90% are bought by athletes on the black market. Recently a few dealers decided that depending only on word of mouth to sustain sales just wasn't good enough. So, in the best tradition of American get-up-and-go, they began sending flyers to gym owners and other potential customers around the country. The flyers include a full price list of the available substances and complete details about how to order.

The question is: Now that it seems clear that steroids enhance performance, damage health and are readily available, how can athletes' use of them be curtailed? Sports organizations must begin by testing, in an attempt to force athletes to go off the drugs before major competitions. Few sporting bodies other than the IOC are concerned enough to do this.

Ziegler learned of testosterone from a Russian doctor.

TAC, which oversees track and field in the U.S., hasn't been very supportive of proposals from the International Amateur Athletics Federation medical committee to require IOC-type drug testing at any meet at which a world record is set. Indeed, TAC has never tested for drugs, and the reasons for that aren't easy to get at. Ollan Cassell, the executive director of TAC, flatly refuses to discuss the matter. Speculation centers on the notion that some TAC people may feel that they don't want to subject U.S. athletes to the sorts of regular testing, or even spot-check testing, that have been used so widely in Western Europe. This line of reasoning holds that since the Soviet bloc nations are unlikely to subject their athletes to such scrutiny, why should the U.S.? One result of this position is that it allows drug use among American athletes to escalate unchecked—hurdler Edwin Moses was quoted in June as saying that at least half of the top U.S. Olympic track and field candidates are using drugs, the most popular being anabolic steroids. This policy also calls into question how much TAC cares whether competition at its meets is really fair, and how much it cares about the health of its athletes. To their credit, many of the women in TAC do support testing.

In bodybuilding, a sport that has always prided itself on its dedication to good health, the Mr. America Committee of the AAU voted in 1982 to conduct a pilot study by requiring each of the 1983 AAU contestants in the U.S.A. series to have a drug test. Unforeseen logistical and legal hangups prevented this from happening, but the International Federation of Bodybuilders will conduct limited experimental testing this year in Europe. However, although the reaction against the influence of steroids in bodybuilding has prompted the AAU and the IFBB to act and spawned several so-called "natural" physique organizations, really big-time bodybuilding is still test-free.

Though opposition to testing remains staunch among many of the top male bodybuilders, again there seems to be solid, though hardly universal, support for testing among the women competitors. Led by Doris Barrileaux, who serves as the IFBB women's committee chairperson, many of the women are urging the IFBB to begin to test immediately. "Bodybuilding is supposed to be healthy," Barrileaux says. "It's supposed to allow a woman to win without having to look like a man. I'd like to keep it that way."

And now we come at last to the sport I know best and am least objective about—powerlifting. Steroid use among athletes began at about the same time or-

ganized powerlifting did, and this sport's current efforts to deal with the issue of testing give particular insight into the difficulties involved.

Powerlifting lacks full affiliation with the IOC, and thus it has been free to establish its own rules. Until the U.S. Powerlifting Federation became independent, only last week, the sport had been part of the AAU, which for years has had an antidrug clause in its bylaws. But steroid testing wasn't a concern until the mid-'70s, when plans to test athletes at the Montreal Olympic Games were first discussed. At that time the use of drugs wasn't illegal in powerlifting, as no rules concerning them had ever been passed by the International Powerlifting Federation. But in 1977 it was decided that if powerlifting ever intended to join international federations such as the General Assembly of International Sports Federations or the IOC, it would be necessary to bring its rules more in line with those of the older and more prestigious organizations.

In 1978 legislation was passed by the IPF making the use of steroids illegal in powerlifting, but the rule was meaningless until 1982 because there was no provision for testing.

Although I retired as a competitor in powerlifting in 1967, in '71 my fascination with strength drew me back to the sport as a coach, a journalist and an official, and the first thing I noticed was the degree to which the level of drug use had soared. Beginning in '74 my interest increased, because my wife, Jan, decided to become a powerlifter, too.

When Jan first began to lift and for five years or so thereafter, she was often approached by friends who would suggest to her that she should give steroids a try, that they would really help her lifting. As she progressed in the sport—by 1977 she was setting records in every competition she entered—other friends began to ask her what steroids she was taking and would, I think, only half believe her when she said she never used drugs. Following the first women's national level championships in '77, Jan began to assume more and more administrative responsibility in the sport.

In the late '70s Jan and I began to see more and more evidence—deepened voices and dramatic increases in upper-body strength and muscle size—that suggested some women were using steroids. Jan reacted to the shock of these startling transformations by strengthening her resolve not to use the drugs and to look for ways as an administrator to minimize their use in women's powerlifting. She was frightened by reports indicating that female rhesus monkeys given male hormones early in their pregnancies delivered female offspring that were dramatically abnormal. Their play was more aggressive, their clitorises were much enlarged and their labia majora were partially fused, as if to form a scrotal sac. Jan decided in her own case to fight the drugstore with the food store. In 1981 she reached a body weight of 230 pounds, at which she established a world record in the squat of 545.5 pounds, which still stands. Even though no official testing was then being done, Jan, on more than one occasion, insisted on urinalysis and a lie detector test to help make her desired point, that steroids aren't a necessity for world-class lifting.

For four years, the author (left, in 1965) took steroids, as did Whitehead, who became the director of a drug clinic.

At the end of the year, tired of shopping at the Lots To Love Shop, she decided she would quit competing for a while, lose weight and concentrate on her administrative duties. (She has since returned to competition, setting several world records in the 148-pound class.) It was at about that time that things began to heat up among U.S. powerlifters on the drug-testing question, in large part because of fires being lit here and there by Jan and the women's powerlifting committee, at least 90% of whose members favor testing. Last week the women lifters finally received the go-ahead to test for all steroids at their next national championships. Yet the same predominantly male committee approved only voluntary testing for those men who exceed current world records at the next men's national championships.

It's apparently in the nature of things for an adversarial relationship to develop between those entrusted with ensuring fair play and good health in a sport and those whose aim is to prevail. It didn't take athletes long to latch onto testosterone and to learn to time their anabolic steroid use and thus beat the tests. Now certain drug gurus smile knowingly about ways to evade any new net the testers may throw.

Rumors abound. One of the substances considered to be a hot ticket on the test-proof train these days is a powerful and frightening substance known as human growth hormone (HGH). A conservative three-week supply of the stuff has a street value of around $500, and the word now is that the only thing holding a lot of athletes back from using it is money. In the past, HGH had to be extracted from the pituitary glands of human cadavers, although our brave new world will soon have genetically engineered growth hormone available, at a fraction of the current costs. The natural stuff is already widely used by elite athletes in the strength sports, and there apparently is no easy way to test for it.

continued

Professor Beckett of Chelsea College and the IOC medical commission takes a balanced view of it all. He says, "What we must always remember is this. It is a never-ending process. We can never eradicate drug use among athletes, but I think if we stay on our toes we can continue to develop procedures that will cause the athletes to use smaller amounts of drugs near the competitions, and this will promote fairness and health. That's our job. Consider the alternative."

Some people feel the current testing procedures and the will to enforce them are inadequate to the task of curtailing drug use in any meaningful way, and both bodybuilding and powerlifting have splinter organizations dedicated to using various types of lie detector tests to screen athletes. The largest of these is the American Drug Free Powerlifting Association. It has about 500 members and operates out of Bay St. Louis, Miss. under the direction of Brother Bennet of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Conversely, in powerlifting, some people have tried to start new federations with rules that would specifically forbid testing.

My own feeling, for what it's worth, is that the ergogenic aids an athlete chooses to use are his or her own business, up to a point. If a person wants to take 2,000 mg of anabolic steroids a day along with 3 cc of testosterone and say to hell with the risk-to-benefit ratio, I think that person should have the right to do so, outside official competitions. But after seeing what I've seen over the past five years or so; after hearing Jan console so many young girls who call weeping to share with her the frustrations they feel as they face competition against women who have risked virilization and God knows what else to achieve the strength advantages conferred on them by the steroids; after seeing some of my friends wounded in body, in mind or both by steroid use; and after seeing many good people leave powerlifting because of their unwillingness to either take steroids or compete with the odds so against them, I think it's not unreasonable to tell those who wish to take steroids, "Look, use the drugs if you must, but don't stand in the way of reasonable drug testing in your sport. Either back off enough to be able to pass the IOC test at the big competitions or else stay out. Join another federation if you like, but you shouldn't expect the right to come in loaded against someone who's clean. If you wonder why, ask yourself why it would be unfair to begin a chess game with three queens to your opponent's one."

Over a year ago Jan wrote an ad hoc medical committee report recommending that testing be done at the forthcoming men's and women's national powerlifting championships. She stated the case well, I think. I hold with it.

"It is simply not fair," she wrote, "to allow one athlete to use a substance which both research data and empirical observation suggest is effective in producing significant strength gains, when a second athlete for medical and/or ethical reasons chooses not to use that substance. The nonuser of steroids has a right to expect the administrators of a sport to support policies which protect both fairness in competition and the good health of the athletes."

For taking the lead in efforts to establish drug testing in powerlifting for women, Jan has come under frequent attack, including attempts to have her removed as chairperson of the women's committee. One of powerlifting's problems is that it's a small sport, and most of the administrators in both men's and women's powerlifting are themselves competitors, which often puts those who must make decisions in a bind. People on both sides of the question have been intemperate, and people on both sides have, with cause, often felt wronged.

Zoctemelk was penalized for his steroid use

One of the proposed answers is to void any world records except those set in meets in which IPF-approved drug testing has been done. But who is to say how many men or women who have retired or suffered debilitating injuries would thereby lose a record they had set without the help of drugs? How can the organization justify taking a world record from those who did everything the IPF asked of them? No easy answers.

I have, however, heard world-record holders say they'd be willing to lose their records in support of a move toward testing. In a letter last winter to the IPF recommending that current world records be supplanted by lifts made in tested meets, Jan had this to say, "I will never again compete in the unlimited class, and so will never again have the chance to hold the squat or total record in that division if the IPF accepts our recommendation. I made great sacrifices in appearance when I increased my bodyweight to 105 kilos in order to lift those heavy weights, and I gained that weight because it was the only way I could remain competitive without taking steroids. I am certain that many powerlifters—both men and women—use anaholic steroids for the same reasons I gained weight. We love the sport and we want to be winners. Many powerlifters to whom I've spoken feel trapped. They feel as if they have to break the basic rules of fair play and good health in order to compete. It could be argued that by not testing sooner the IPF is partly to blame for the extremely high level of some of the world records in our sport. Had we begun testing earlier, perhaps many men and women would have been spared the health risks, the expense and the ethical dilemma of steroid use."

"In any event, if we are now going to deny lifters the uninterrupted use of the very substances many of them took to create world records, we should in all fairness remove those records so that both the lifters who used drugs and those who didn't have a fighting chance to

continued

Lord of the Canadians

Ride'em, Calvert. A Canadian that stays on top, thanks to the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec, who just won't settle for second best. Lord Calvert: Lord of the Canadians.

make new records. In my case, losing my world records is not nearly as important as helping to make powerlifting a fairer sport in which the health of our lifters is protected and in which *all* the world records represent lifts made in competitions with IOC testing."

I admire her so. I only hope my admiration does not diminish the seriousness with which the questions I have tried to raise—questions that range far beyond the small, perfervid world of powerlifting—will be taken. For seriousness is needed, especially as we move further into an era in which increasing numbers of athletes in all sports feel compelled to use drugs whose short-term effects are potentially harmful and whose long-range effects are largely unknown; an era in which the *Physicians' Desk Reference* is the bible of many world-class athletes; an era in which rumors circulate of "urine transfusions," by which a drug test is beaten by an athlete using a powerful diuretic, emptying his bladder, passing a catheter into his bladder through the penis and then receiving a supply of "clean" urine from someone into whom the opposite end of the catheter is inserted; an era in which fathers with large dreams for their small sons may turn to the soon-to-be-cheap human growth hormone in an attempt to give their boys a leg up, an era in which more and more photographs of top women athletes in a variety of sports reveal the thickly muscled, vein-crossed bodies that, though they do occur naturally on occasion in response to the stress of training, are often the result of the use of male hormones.

The hunger for an edge is an ancient one, intertwined with our need to excel. This hunger led me to take drugs I wish now I hadn't taken. So it goes. Have they had effects on me that will result in a shorter life? I don't know. I do realize that having taken them myself puts me in the position, when I try to discourage someone else from using them, of the old man whose opposition to the sexual activities of the young varies in inverse proportion to his own capacity to indulge. But having been under the dread sway of drugs myself and having reflected on the things I've done and felt and seen, it has seemed appropriate to share some of what I have learned about life in the Faust lane. END

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Photography by Bruce Plotkin.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 18-24

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

CYCLING—LAURENT FIGNON won the 23-day, 2,315-mile Tour de France with an aggregate time of 105:07:52, 4:04 minutes better than that of Angel Arroyo

GOLF—CALVIN PEETE rallied from six shots back with 18 holes to play to win a $350,000 PGA event in Williamsburg, Va. He fired an eight-under-par 276, one stroke better than Tim Norris

LAUREN HOWE shot an eight-under-par 280 to win her first LPGA tournament, a $200,000 event in Indianapolis. She finished one stroke ahead of Donna Caponi

HARNESS RACING—IDEAL DU GAZEAU ($9.80), driven by Eugene Lefevre, beat Legolas by 1¾ lengths to win the $250,000 Roosevelt International and become the only horse to win the race three times. The 9-year-old trotted the 1¼ miles in 2:35⅘

SHANNON FANCY ($26.40), driven by Ron Waples, beat Hit Parade by a neck to win the $1,062,-million Sweetheart Pace at the Meadowlands Raceway. The 2-year-old filly covered the mile in 1:55⅘

HORSE RACING—MAJESTY'S PRINCE ($9.80), Eddie Maple aboard, beat Hush Dear by a length to win the $236,000 Sword Dancer Handicap at Belmont. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1½ miles over turf in 2:34⅖

ALTHEA ($6.60), ridden by Laffit Pincay Jr., beat Rejected Suitor by 10 lengths to win the $111,200 Hollywood Juvenile Championship at Hollywood Park. The only filly in the field of 2-year-olds, Althea ran the three-quarters of a mile in 1:09⅗

MOTOR SPORTS—TIM RICHMOND—driving a Pontiac—won a 500-mile Grand National race at the Pocono (Pa.) International Raceway by 2 seconds over Darrell Waltrip, in a Chevrolet. Richmond averaged 114.818 mph round the 2.5-mile oval

JONATHAN PALMER in a Honda beat Pierluigi Martini in a BMW to win the Formula II European title. Palmer averaged 108.08 mph over 58 laps of the 2.15-mile Santa Monica, Italy circuit

SOCCER—It was bad enough to have to play on the road against a team that hadn't lost at home in 10 games, as Vancouver hadn't. It was an even worse prospect for a team that hadn't won an away game in 10 tries as Montreal hadn't. But Manic Goalie Mike Hewitt held the Western Division-leading Whitecaps scoreless and Dragan Vujovic connected on a penalty kick for a 1–0 Montreal win. Vancouver regrouped and beat Team America 2–0 to lead the division by 44 points. In the Eastern Division, Cosmo Midfielder Roberto Cabanas had two goals and an assist to give his team a 3–1 lead over Seattle. Then Cosmo Goalie Hubert Birkenmeier dozed while the Sounders' Chance Fry awoke for two goals in two minutes to tie the game. In the shoot-out, teams performed evenly until Cosmo Julio Romero scored the decisive goal of a 4–3 victory. Three nights later in Tampa, Cabanas boosted his week's goal total to five with a hat trick in a 5–4 Cosmo win. The Cosmos lead the East by 16 points over Toronto. In the Southern Division, Fort Lauderdale lost a 3–2 battle to Tulsa but continued to dominate the division war, with three points more than the Roughnecks have

TENNIS—JOSE-LUIS CLERC beat Jimmy Arias 6–3, 6–1 to win the $200,000 U.S. Pro Championship in Brookline, Mass.

TOMAS SMID defeated Balazs Taroczy 6–4, 6–4 to win the $75,000 Dutch Grand Prix in Hilversum

CZECHOSLOVAKIA beat West Germany 2–1 to win the Federation Cup in Zurich. The U.S., which had won every year since 1976, was eliminated by Czechoslovakia in the semifinals

WEIGHTLIFTING—OKSEN MIRZOYAN set a world record in the under-123.2 pounds category by snatching 280.5 pounds in Moscow to break Wu Shudi's two-year-old mark by 2.2 pounds.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: By the Philadelphia Phillies, Manager PAT CORRALES, 42, when his team (43–42) was in first place in the National League East; General Manager PAUL OWENS, 59, will be the skipper for the remainder of the season

NAMED: As coach of the unnamed USFL San Antonio team, GIL STEINKE, 64, who coached Texas A&I to a 182–61–4 record from 1954 to 1976

As basketball coach at Boston University, JOHN KUESTER, 28, an assistant under former Head Coach RICK PITINO, 30, who had been appointed assistant of the New York Knicks

As coach of the Pittsburgh Penguins, LOU ANGOTTI, 45, who coached a Pittsburgh farm club last season

REINSTATED: By a CART appeals court, TOM SNEVA, 35, as winner of a 150-mile race in West Allis, Wis. on June 12. He had been disqualified for failing a routine technical inspection after the race

SOLD: For a record $10.2 million, an unnamed dark bay yearling colt by 1964 Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Northern Dancer to MOHAMMED BIN RASHID AL MAKTOUM, defense minister of the Persian Gulf state of Dubai *(page 26)*

TRADED: By the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Offensive Tackle CHARLEY HANNAH, 28, to the Los Angeles Raiders for Defensive End DAVE BROWNING, 26, and an undisclosed future draft choice, and by the St. Louis Cardinals, Defensive Tackle MIKE DAWSON, 29, to the Detroit Lions for Al Baker, 26, and a future draft choice; by the New York Jets, Wide Receiver BOBBY JONES, 28, to the Cleveland Browns for a future draft choice, and by the Los Angeles Rams, Defensive Back PAT THOMAS, 28, to the Los Angeles Raiders for Defensive Back MONTE JACKSON, 30, and a future draft choice

DIED: ARTHUR M. WIRTZ, 82, sole owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, principal owner of the Bulls and Chicago Stadium, of acute respiratory failure, in Chicago

DANCER'S CROWN, 2-year-old Trotter of the Year in 1982 and likely favorite for this month's Hambletonian, during surgery that was required for a displaced colon in Ithaca, N.Y.

CREDITS

4—Bill Lustar. 11—Illustration by Sam O. Wasserman. 18,17—John Iacono. 18,19—Jerry Wachter (top); John Iacono. 20,21—Rona de Mudra. 22,23—Steve Powell. 24—Steve Powell (left); John Hanlon. 25—Graham Finlayson (top); Steve Powell. 26,27—Charles Bartram; The Lexington Herald-Leader (left); Tony Leonard (2). 28—Milt Toby; The Blood-Horse (top); Bill Lustar. 33—Ed Byrne. 34,35—Bill Eppridge (left); Manny Millan. 36,37—Bill Eppridge. 38,39—Lane Stewart. 42—Andy Hayt (top). 80,81—Rich Clarkson. 82,83—Lane Stewart (right); Steve Powell (2). 84—Paul Bereswill. 60,81—Jacqueline Duvoisin. 82,83—Lane Stewart. 84,85—Marvin E. Newman (left); Lane Stewart (top); Peter Read Miller. 86—Tony Tomsic. 70—Lane Stewart. 71—Steve Goldstein. 73—Graham Finlayson. 76—Prasse Sports.

FACES IN THE CROWD

MELVIN LENTZ
CRESWELL, ORE.

Lentz, 24, was top logger for the third year at the World Championship Timber Carnival in Albany, Ore. He set a world record for single bucking, cutting through a log 24 inches in diameter in 51.3 seconds, two seconds better than the old mark.

CATHY MORRIS
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Cathy, a junior shortstop for the Cardinal Newman High softball team, led the Crusaders to their third consecutive state title, with a 36–4 record. She also set school records in batting average (.545), hits (73) and home runs (10).

BARRY HIGHTOWER
DOTHAN, ALA.

Barry, a junior lefthanded pitcher for the Northview High baseball team, struck out 109 batters in his 55⅓ innings this season. He whiffed 17 batters in one game, allowed one earned run in his last 49⅓ innings and had an ERA of 0.67.

BOB UTLEY
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Bob, 12, set two state age-group records and finished first in six events and second in three others at the Florida State Junior Olympics. His records came in the 100-yard freestyle (52.63) and in the 200 individual medley (2:09.90).

ROBERT HACKETT
MILWAUKEE

Hackett, 18, was named MVP at the Keebler International track and field meet for recent high school grads in Elmhurst, Ill. He finished first in the 200 meters (20.92) and was edged out in the 100 by .03 second, finishing in 10.72.

RICHARD HAIRE
DALTON, OHIO

Haire, a 60-year-old retired ironworker, shot a three-under-par 69 on the first 18 holes of the 36-hole final to become the city match-play champion. Playing on the Madden Golf Course, he beat his 32-year-old opponent, Larry Heil, 9 and 8.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE SYDNEY MAREE STORY

Sir

Over the years SI's voice has developed into a force for social justice. You've taken courageous stands, which often prompt letters beginning "Cancel my subscription. . . ." For me, part of the reason I await the arrival of each issue is the quality of your writing coupled with this commonsense social awareness. That combination is epitomized in your July 18 issue in an extremely powerful piece of writing by Gary Smith about Sydney Maree and South Africa (*He Ran, but Knew Not Why*). The article is a home run, a knockout, a no-hitter, a touchdown—a pure 10 from start to finish.

DON BORZAK
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

Thank you for an insightful and sensitive story on Sydney Maree. We who have always known liberty and privilege often do not fully understand our great fortune, let alone appreciate it. I am proud to welcome a man of Maree's character as a fellow American.

HALE MESEROW
Apple Valley, Minn.

Sir:

I am a voracious reader of literature and have often had feelings awakened by the words I have read. But the story on Sydney Maree by Gary Smith stirred a unique feeling, one not often aroused these days, namely, an awareness that America is still a ray of hope for many people around the world. May we never forget our importance to the lives and dreams of so many suppressed human beings—not blacks, whites, yellows or reds, but just plain human beings all over the world.

MICHAEL W. DUSWALT
Rosenberg, Texas

Sir:

As I was reading Gary Smith's story, I felt I could share the anger that pushed Maree to show he was as good as the next person, if not better. Prejudice is a damaging trait in the human race and I am happy to see Maree succeed in spite of it. He has shown great determination and courage.

ALLISON MATIYA
Brookfield, Ill.

Sir:

Your feature on Sydney Maree is an excellent rebuttal to those who argue, hypocritically, that you shouldn't mix sports with politics. The blatant attempt by the South African government to put a humane face on an unspeakably evil system by exploiting a young Maree clearly points this out. South African officials are so blind they cannot see that their efforts at "openness" in sport instead reveal to the world the true barbarity of apartheid. They also fail to comprehend that their duplicitous approach affronts, rather than attracts, moral human beings.

LARRY YOUNG
State College, Pa.

Sir:

The Sydney Maree story attests to the courage and dignity of a young man struggling against one of mankind's greatest evils: racial oppression. I applaud Gary Smith's frankness and directness in reporting. Implicit in the latter half of the story, however, is a serious misconception. From the fact that Maree can buy cars and stereos in America, one may conclude that his problems with racial prejudice are over. To be sure, things are better here than they are in South Africa, or than they were in this country 20 years ago, but because Maree or any other talented black athlete can buy a car and a stereo and can live well does not mean that America has proved itself to be the land of opportunity for all blacks and other minority peoples. America has a long way to go before it fulfills its creed, before it realizes the dream shared by great Americans like Martin Luther King and the Founding Fathers.

LOU BERNIERI
Andover, Mass.

Sir:

It's ironic that in the front (SCORECARD) of your July 18 issue you talk of the long struggle to regain Jim Thorpe's Olympic medals, which were withheld because he received pay for playing baseball, while in the back is a story about a new American Olympic hopeful, Sydney Maree. We are told that his fellow trackmen don't understand why Maree demands to be paid so much to compete, that he has made enough to have a split-level home, two BMWs, expensive electronic gadgets, etc. There is nary a suggestion that all this might, or even should, compromise his amateur status in the coming Olympics. Burn on, Olympic flame! The U.S.S.R. subsidizes its athletes, and we buy ours on the foreign market. What a farce.

EDGAR SNELSON
Fort Worth

Sir:

I was disgusted and revolted by the graphic article you did on Sydney Maree. What little joy we obtain from sports competition is surely not enhanced by a picture of some grinning men slicing up some terrified, innocent animal. Shame on you.

BETTIE MCALEESE
San Marcos, Calif.

ACC RACISM

Sir:

I applaud Steve Rogers' gutsy [and, now, successful] effort to raise the racial consciousness of the Atlantic Coast Conference (SCORECARD, July 4 and 25). I observed a similar situation in 1971 while I was a visiting professor at North Carolina A&T State University. At a professional conference I mentioned to a representative of South Carolina State that there was an article in the morning paper about a golf tournament that included ACC teams at a country club in his hometown of Orangeburg, S.C. I knew he was a golfer so I inquired about the course. He replied that he couldn't tell me much because, as a black, he was not welcome to play there. I noted that there was another story in the same sports section about the accomplishments of a black basketball player at an ACC university, and we wondered how long it would take ACC, and other, schools to see the inconsistency of relying on black players in some sports and playing at segregated facilities in other sports. In the case of the ACC, apparently it has taken more than a decade.

Your readers may be interested to know that Rogers was a fine offensive tackle at Williams College for four years on some very good Division III football teams. I'm gratified that a former Williams athlete was the one who called for an end to the practice of official athletic complicity with racial injustice.

ROBERT R. PECK
Athletic Director
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

THOSE CANADIAN CLUBS

Sir:

Reading Steve Wulf's article on Toronto and Montreal (*A Tale of Two Cities*, July 18) was most enjoyable. Toronto having been the doormat of the American League East for so many years, it was great to see the Blue Jays get some well-deserved attention. That organization is a prime example of what hard work and dedication can bring.

KERRY LIVGREN
Faribault, Minn.

Sir:

I applaud Steve Wulf for his article on the Canadian clubs. No, I am not a fan of either team, but I do appreciate superb writing. In fact it was Wulf's third brilliant piece in as many weeks.

JOHN POLIZZOTTO
Brooklyn

Sir:

Your staff seems to be able to produce outstanding articles at will. Steve Wulf's report

continued

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SI 8/1

on Canada's two top-ranking baseball teams was no exception. However, this subscriber detected a slight error. Steve Rogers the best pitcher in the National League? No way. José, *es Mario Soto*!

GENE FLAHERTY
Charleston, S.C.

Sir:

How can you write a story about the Montreal Expos and not say anything about Al Oliver? He has been one of baseball's most feared hitters for years but doesn't get nearly enough recognition from the media. If pitchers were journalists you would hear his name often.

BILL BELMER
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

Come on, SI. You're supposed to have some of the best sportswriters in the world, but what do they come up with? The same old stereotypes of Canadians being uneducated morons who destroy the English and French languages while guzzling beer every night. What's next, Polish jokes? What you should realize is that such humor should be attempted only by native Canadians.

GARY B. SAVANYU
Trenton, N.J.

Sir:

G'day. Thanks fer dat beautyful story on dose Blue Jays and Expos. So, O.K., but, like, one problem. You hoseheads mixed up Jim Clancy and Jim Gott in yer picture caption. Have another Labatt's, and then get it right in de World Series, eh?

BERNIE UHLMANN
Trenton, Ontario

Sir:

Why make such a big deal of Montreal and Toronto contending for divisional titles? Their players are just as U.S. American—and Latin American—as those of the Atlanta Braves, the team that will eliminate the Expos in the National League championship series and then the Blue Jays in the World Series.

BILL KLING JR.
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

Canadian clubs! Who cares? What about that Texas club, and I don't mean the Astros. Let's get those amazing Rangers on the cover. They're for real.

CHRIS TEAGUE
Mesquite, Texas

LIFE-SAVING EFFORTS

Sir:

I am employed by the Bethlehem area chapter of the American National Red Cross as director of summer safety services. I feel the item entitled "Football Hero" in SCORECARD (July 11) accurately applauded Joe Delaney for his bravery, because only courage could drive a "poor swimmer" to act so heroically. However, I find myself greatly pained. Delaney's death exemplifies why the Red Cross, with the devoted assistance of Commodore Wilbert E. Longfellow, developed a water-safety program in 1914. The aim, of course, was to eliminate the horrendous waste of life that occurs each year as a result of drowning. Had Delaney taken any Red Cross water-safety or swimming course, he would very probably still be alive, and perhaps he would have been able to save the two boys' lives as well. Perhaps, too, I would have had the opportunity to read a tribute to Joe Delaney, the hero, instead of a tribute to his heroic death.

LACHLAN G. PEEKE
Hellertown, Pa.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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